VOL. 1-NO. 2.

FRANCE, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1918.

PRICE: 50 CENTIMES

HIKE TO BATTLE TO THE TUNE OF DOUGHBOY'S HYMN

In Sleet, Along Icy Roads, **Amex Regiment Goes** "Up There"

COVERS 16 MILES IN A DAY

Unit Long Trained in France Show Itself Eager and Fit for First Lines

FRENCH FOLK BID GODSPEED

Single Somber Happening of the Day the Sudden Suicide of a Private

By LINCOLN EYRE

Correspondent of the New York World With
the American Army in France

In Paris not long ago I saw a film depicting a regiment of infantry marching down Fifth Avenue on its way to a training camp. Flags were flying, bands were playing, crowds were cheering, and

the sun was shining.

A few days later I saw a regiment of infantry marching down a country road in France on its way to the front. No film was made of this march, nor were flags flying, bands playing, crowds cheer ing or the sun shining.

Yet the spectacle shown on the screen

with all its colorful drama and pathos was simply New York's farewell to few of the tens of thousands of soldiers she has given her country, while the event I witnessed out here is a momentous chapter in American history. For the regiment wending its way thus drably toward the battleline was the adguard of great armies to come l be known for all time as the

vance guard of great armies to come. It will be known for all time as the first United States infantry to share with the soldiers of France and Britain the mighty task of safeguarding civilization. Today it is in the trenches, still making history in the grimly prosaic fashion in which modern history is made. This regiment, one of the first to arrive in France, had been billeted in a village which, to give it a name the censor won't disapprove. I'll call Mudville. In and about Mudville it spent the summer, learning all the French can teach about up-to-date warfare. Toward the end of October it went to finishing school in the trenches, sandwiched in among French troops. Thence, after the stipulated period of front-line instruction, it returned to Mudville, there to remain, in a state of feverish expectancy, until along about the first of the year.

Teeth and Feet Important

Teeth and Feet Important

Teeth and Feet Important
Then things began to move fast. Bulky automobiles containing bulky generals with critical eyes stopped at regimental headquarters almost daily. New officers took the places of the old ones not quite big enough for their jobs. Companies were brought up to full strength by drafts from the replacement division, and the regiment's "reterans" were expected to show these new men what was what. Brigade and division maneuvres on an imposing scale were carried out with increasing frequency. Kits were inspected with closest attention to every detail, new uniforms and equipment were doled out liberally, and teeth and feet became matters of keen curriosity to officers.

rect became matters of seven currosity to officers.

Finally, toward the middle of January, the news was noised about that the Day was close at hand. In the words of one doughboy, reported to me by the brigade commander by whom they were overheard, "We're about ready to leave off teaching officers and begin fightin' them blankety blank Bushes." The business of packing up followed. Bayonets were sharpened with gleeful zeal, fond farewells exchanged with the "petites amles" of Mudville, and local shops and company stores were emptied of all the candy and other luxuries they contained.

of all the candy and other luxuries they contained.

Not until the night before did orders from the brigade commander stating the day and hour of departure and the route to be taken reach the colonel. The battailon and company commanders had put everything in readluess for the like, however, and there was no delay in carrying out instructions. Promptly at 7:30 a. m. the regiment was drawn up in company formation in the company

"Local Pride" in the Boys

the hike had to be made, and so on, after the regimental repertory of derogatory oithets—a long and compehensive one-had been run through a few times buse of the elements gave way to phil

souse of the elements gave way to pain-osophical endurance.

It was a wonderful hike. Have, you ever marched ten or affees miles with a sixty-pound pack on you'back and ar rifls on your shoulder even under the best of weather conditions? If so, maybe

Continued on Page 2

JUST THINKING

By HUDSON HAWLEY andin' up here on the fire-step, okin' ahead in the mist, Lookin' ahead in the mist,
With a tin hat over your ivory
And a rifle clutched in your fist;
Waitin' and watchin, and wond'rin'
If the Hun's comin' over tonight—
Say, aren't the things you think of
Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of For a couple o' months or more; Things that 'ull set you laughin', Things that 'ull make you sore; Things that 'ull make you sore; Things that you saw in the movies, Things that you're really proud of, Things that you're really proud of, Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collectin', Stories you hear and forget, Ball games and birthday parties, Hours of drill in the wet; Headlines, recruitin' posters, Sunsets 'way out at sea, Evenings of pay days—golly— It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homeburg. Voices of women folk,
Vorses you learnt in schooldays
Pop up in the mist and smoke.
As you stand there, grippin' that rifle,
Assarin', and chilled to the bone,
Wonderin' and wonderin'

derin',
Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over?
When will the gang break through?
What will the U. S. look like?
What will there be to do?
Where will the Boches be then?
Who will have married Nell?
When's that relief a-comin' up?
Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

THE TUSCANIA

The traditions of America's fighting orces are enriched and ennobled by the story of how those men trapped aboard the Tuscania, with peril facing them on every side, calmly lined up at attention and sang-that their British companion and sang—that their stritus companions might sing with them—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee." They proved themselves the equals in every sense of the Birkenhead's crew, and of the men who, doggedly retreating under a withering fire at Mons while fighting for their King, still had the heart and spirit to sing out their prayer to—

"Send him victorious, Happy and glorious"

Happy and glorious"

They proved themselves the spiritual heirs of "Don't give up the ship" Lawrence, and of "Damn the torpedoes" Farragut, unafraid to die. They "faced the stars together with the silence coning on" without quavering or grumbling; and the honor accorded them for the way they laid down their lives should be no less than that accorded to their conrades who fall in actual combat with the enemy on the field of battle.

We can guess how this long predicted blow at our transport service must have shocked the good people at home; but

blow at our transport service must have shocked the good people at home; but we know how it must have rallied them and heartened them to learn with what fortitude, with what coolness the blow was met by the men who were the victims of it. For our own part, we know how we feel about it—and what sort of measures we will take to avenge it. The challenge of the Hun will be speedly answered. The people nearest and dearest to the men of the Tuscania's gallant company may rest assured of that.

can contain by the topped only in bringing down on sinking an entire convenient of the counted only in the very submarite which may be one of the topped only in bringing down on the topped only in bringing down on the topped only in the A costly and a terrible lesson it was, and therefore one well worth heeding. Discipline, first of all, is meant to save lives—the survivors of the Tuscania afford a striking example of its efficiency in combating the devices of the Hun. Just what has Germany gained? Sice arrayed the sentiment of the entire civilized world against her when she sank the Lustiania and sent American yourse, and children to a watery grayer. civilized world against her when she sank the Lustiania and sent American women and children to a watery grave. She brought the vast power and unlimited resources of the United States into the war on the side of her enemies when she sank the Laconia, a bare year ago. By the sinking of the Tuscania she has made more indomitable than ever before the will of the American Army and Navy and the will of the great people behind them, to rest not an instant until the struggle against German tyranny, against German tyranny, against German's inordinate ambition is concluded with a clinching victory for the Right.

"BUSHES" THEY ARE, THEN

"Boches" Doesn't Lend Itself to

They may be "Boches" to the French and the British, but the Huns across in the German trenches will never be anything but "Bushes" to Uncle Sam's

anything out doughboys.

It was too hard to get the proper pronunciation of Boches. The doughboys tried it with a long "o" and with a short "o." Then they gave it up.
"Get one of them Bushes for yourself and two for me," shouted a doughboy who had been left behind to a com-

rade departing for the trenches. So "Bushes" stuck."

AMERICA BROPS POLITICAL GAME TO WIN THE WAR

New Public Spirit Insists On Big Constructive Work

WAR MACHINE RUNS WELL

Governments Railroad and Finance Measures Meeting Little Opposition

HOUSING PROBLEM TO FORE

Freight Congestion Drastically Re lieved by Milder Weather and Enforced Holidays

By J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES [BY CABLE.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Th€ dominant thought suggested by the events and discussions of the past-week is that, without minimizing the difficulties encountered during the vast efforts of the past months to erect a huge national machine for war, the American talent and genius for constructiveness begins

Even in the emergency legislation this constructive idea appears clearly. Thus, the congressional discussion on the conduct of the war shows a real striving for a full understanding of the problems involved and an efficient solution.

lems involved and an enticient solu-tion.

The public is displaying remarkably good sense of political values. Poli-tics is decidedly secondary to a sweep-ing national desire for a true soundness and constructiveness that shall make enduring the governmental edifice. My helief is that the whole national situa-tion materially and sprittingly is extion, materially and spiritually, is ex-tremely encouraging and gratifying.

War Machine Shaking Down

War Machine Shaking Down
The indications are accumulating that
the whole big machine, governmental
and individual, is shaking down to a
solid working basis, and that the
nation's huge efforts are shaping gradually for a sound future as well as for
the present vital war purposes.
Significant of this is the full page
newspaper advertising campaign paid
for by big business organizations, railroads, industries, and banks, for the
purposes of educating the public to conserve life, limb, and health, and to
avoid carelessness. There is also contemplated a moving picture campaign
on "safety first."
Discussion of the Government's railroad control bill shows the same desire
for big, constructive work.
Hardly any attempt is being made to
inject the question of Government
ownership into the present problem.
The Government ownership advocates
presumably could muster formidable
support, but public opinion evidently
favors a strictly practical test of the
whole subject by means of the present
form of control.

Another public activity excellent for mmediate war activity and splendidly onstructive for America's future is the directly due to a rush of workers. Towns that never thought of it are now plan ning or beginning scientific modern housing on big lines, realizing that beauty and hygiene make for the moral betterment, happiness and inspiration of

workers.

Proportional representation in elections is making headway. The scheme provides for the representation of minorities according to vote. The city of Kalamazoo, Mich., has already adopted Kalamazoo, Mich., has already adopted a new charter containing such a provision, and there is a bill in the New Jersey legislature which proposes to apply the system to the legislative elections in the eight largest counties of the state. Ashtabula. Ohio, and Boulder, Col., operate the system now.

Freight Block Broken

Freight Block Broken

The splendid improvement in the weather has greatly aided in the solution of the freight problem. The weather has been excellent in the East during the whole of the past week, and fairly good throughout the country at large. Freight congestion has undoubtedly been drastically relieved, and perhaps broken. The present three holidays, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, are giving the country a fine opportunity to rush freights through. We can now face any anticipated had weather in the fature with comparative fearlessness.

The fuel suspension order and other Continued on Page 2

Continued on Page 2

"A PICTURE WITHOUT A TITLE"



What do you call him?

Sammy? Say not so. He'd bean you The fact remains that he hasn't yet go proper if you tried it! Yank? Hardly a real, all around, catch-as-catch-car he name for a lad who may be one of title of his own. the native sons of sunnneece Califorrrjust try calling him Johnny! Tommy? Somebody beat us to it and copped that name for the bully boys o' Britain. Pollu? Pollu means hairy, and this bird has the sharing hebt has the shaving habit.

Jack? The flatfeet out on the battle-

has the shaving habit.
Jack? The flatfeet out on the battleships took that name long ago, about
the time they began wearing a skirt on
each leg. Buddy? Uh-hum; you hear
it a good deal, but there are those who
don't like it. Bill? Hell! That's this
fool Kalser's monicker. Nix on Bill!
Jim? No. Charlie? Hardly; there
were two Charlies running a couple of
years ago and they both got licked.
Woody? Sh, man, mind your manners!
Joe? He's neither old nor black in the
nicture. Bert? Oh, we give it up. Trying to please everybody is just as impossible in the name-choosing business
as it is in the newspaper game.
Just the same though, he really ought
to have a name. He has a home and a
country and everything else; the only
thing he lacks is a name. He's had his
haptism of fire, but he was too busy
then to pick out any handle for himself.
He's either a doughboy or a leatherneck,

MAY BE CONFERRED

and the man who receives that emblem, inscribed with the word "valor," must have proved himself valorous indeed.

Such decorations as the President may authorize will not interfere in any way with the award of the Congressional medal, which presumably will be granted in the same way as herefolore. All for

THE STARS AND STRIPES

ANNOUNCES

An American News Service-by

American News from England

The whole hearted co-operation

—by weekly London letter.

of the American newspaper

correspondents in the field

with the Army—all to the end that the A.E.F. may have

a typical American newspa-

per of its own.

American Sport—by Cable.

Cable.

NEW VALOR MEDALS

"Call him just a plain American."

rrrneecyah? Johnny? He's hanging you say? All right for ceremonial puraround a dugout door, not a stage door—poses, but not handy for slapping on in a hurry. "Amex"? Sounds like a brand

following conditions:

In Mexico, after or ashore, as members of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26, 1914. President Has Power to

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The circus people are much worried. They fear that there will be no railroad transportation for their shows this Spring. Last month some big shows definitely decided to lie up and keep the elephant, the giraffe, the zebra the blood sweating behemoth of Holy Writ and the other customary spring marvels in camphor for the summer. As a result, the wagon shows and those owning motor transportation are expected to mononemedal, which presumably will be granted in the same way as heretofore. All future decorations will be in addition to the service badges and other insignia—as for border, Philippine, Porto Rican, Cuban, and Boxer service—which have already been authorized.

By authority of the President, a service badge with ribbon, to be known as transportation are transportation are expected to monopo-lize the attention of America's small boy opulation.

Secretary McAdoo, as director of rail-

roads, philanthropically declares that he will try to give the great national moral shows their usual chance to educate

A LIST OF HEARTS' DESIRES

One of the base hospital Y.M.C.A. secretaries gathered "his boys" around him one night in a big hut and asked them: "What do you dealers and asked "What do you desire most to-The following replies are re-

orded:
"To hear the ring of the old front or bell back home"
"A letter from my 'pineapple.'"
"A full-grown locomotive whistle."
"An Ostermoor mattress."
"A change of menu."
"A hot shower."

'My Christmas boxes."

"To see the smiling face of the town

"lock."
"One crack at the Kaiser."
"A stack of Dina's flap-lacks."
"To shoot a game of pool at George's."
"A promenade in my Spring suit on Fifth Avenue."

WHERE ERRING FEET ATTEND REFORM SCHOOL

Reclamation Camp Rescues the Fallen Arch and Gives the Cure to Bunions—and It Isn't a Hospital

A not unknown soldier who rests with a splendid mausoleum in Paris once remarked that an army moves on its stomach. Of course, the great Napoleon was speaking figuratively, with reference to the need for keeping up food supplies. If he had been speaking literally bits remarks would have applied out to extended order skirmish drill, as we hanerleans know it. But Napoleon, if he had been minded to speak literally, would have said, of course, that an army moves on its feet, as every doughboy knows without being told.

Each then are at the basis of an pites. If he had been speaking literally, his remarks would have applied only to extended order skirmish drill, as we Americans know it. But Napoleon, if he had been minded to speak literally, would have said, of course, that an army moves on its feet, as every doughboy knows without being told.

Feet, then ere at the basis of an

Feet, then, are at the basis of an army's success. Feet have got to be strong and springy and unencumbered by corns and bunions and the like. To be in good condition, feet have got to be watched and tended with the same

be in good condition, feet have got to be watched and tended with the same care that a doting mother expends on a new-born babe. But, if they are not good and strong to start with, feet are not of much use to a mobile army.

At least, that used to be the idea. The affliction of flat-footedness used to be considered as incurable as leprosy. So it was that army recruiting officers instituted the fascinating indoor sport of making the applicant hop, first on one foot and then on the other, the length of a dusty floor (floors in recruiting offices are always dusty, you know). If a man's naked sole, after that pleasing exercise, showed a neat little patch of white about the arch, he was considered foot-fit and acceptable. If, however, his sole was one flat smudge, he was thrown out into outer darkness.

poses, but not handy for slapping on in 7 a hurry. "Amex"? Sounds like a brand of flour; so you're right where started out on "doughboy." Besides, you can't waste a floury nickname on him with Mr. Hoover carrying on the way he is—and you take your life in your hands if you give him a flowery one. Really, as Mrs. Nero said to Mr. Nero while Rome was burning, something on ust be done about it. Our subject is too good a product to go unnamed, and to be known only by number, company and regiment. There wouldn't be any army at all if it wasn't for him and a lot more of him—and still people don't know what to call him. The French et taking him all in a bunch, started "nos amis," meaning "our friends." But the way they got it off made him think it was "Sammy." It is taking him a long while to shake off that label. Help us out, won't you? As "Life" as yet to run them: "Here's a picture without a title." Alks found a name is for even the Mah. 't he Iron Mask. May shouldn't a name be found for the Man with the Gas Mask and the tin dicer?

The "Mexican Service Badge," will be issued to all officers and enlisted men who are now, or may hereafter be, in the military service of the United States and whose service has been under the following conditions:

In Mexico, afloat or ashore, as members of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26, and a proper to the work of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26, and the ting must be done. And this is the work of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26, and the approach of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26, and the work of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26, and the properties of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26, and the ting of the properties of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26, and the properties of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26.

Educating Fallen Arches

Feet can be educated, just like heads. Feet can be taught to arch neatly and to hold themselves in. Feet can be instructed in the art of holding up there hearers and their loads. All feet—with the possible exception of Charlie Chapins and the Kaiser's—can be made to walk in the straight and narrow path of duty.

walk in the straight and narrow path of duty.

He proposed to establish a foot school. This school was to receive all men whose pedal extremities hindered them in their work. It was, in short, intended to be a sort of House of the Good Shiepherd for fallen arches.

He got his school. He was assigned a village in the whereabouts of France, possessing billet accommodations and a drill field. And then the halt and the lame began to pour in.

There weren't so many of them as he had at first expected. Some of them merely needed proper footwers. Some of

he had at first expected. Some of them merely needed proper footwear. Some of them needed to wear specially constructed shoes for a while. Some of them needed his full course of foot instruction, known among the medical trade as orthopedic exercises. So they got the course—some of them are still getting it.

But the doctor had builded more se-

But the doctor had builded more securely than he knew. He discovered, after his flat-foot and other bad-foot contingent had been quartered in his village, that there was room for more of the ailing. So he sent out the high sign to his brother doctors to spad along those who were curved of spine, and potted of belly, and slouchy of stature, that the crooked might be made straight.

Four Companies in Camp

And in they came. There are now four companies in the "reclamation village," as it is sometimes called, though the term "foot camp" or "foot school" will never quite die out. These companies are graded according to their members' physical ability. A man arriving at the school in bad shape is assigned to the lowest of the four companies, and in course of time works his way up into the first. After he has completed his course of training in the first company, he is discharged and sent back to his former unit, fit-tested as fit for service. Fully 80 per cent of the men who enter the school are made able to resume work with their original organizations.

men who enter the school are made and to resume work with their original organizations.

In case, however, that a man's condition is such that he cannot go back to his unit, the medical authorities at the school cast about to see if there is other work, perhaps of a non-combatant character, that he can do. Of some men whose feet are beyond reclamation, they make chaufteurs. Of some men whose backs are beyond repair, they make clerks. Not a little of their time is thus spent in trying to keep round pegs from being thrust into square holes, and vice versa. In short, they have established an occupational and classification bureau of their own. Those whose cases are absolutely hopeless, are, whose cases are absolutely hopeless, are, of course, discharged and sent back to the states; but there have been surpris-ingly few cases which have turned out

ingly few cases which have turned out to be as bad as that. But the medical authorities do not command the foot school. It is in

Plan to Catch 'em Early

Plan to Catch 'em Early

The British army has similar camps, or schools, but they are dovoted in the main to the work of restoring convalescents to service strength, and are run in connection with military hospitals. The aim of the A.E.F. foot school, on the other hand, is to catch men before they break down, before they go to the front—to prevent rather than to cure. In time, though, it is expected that institutions like the foot school will also have charge of restoring convalescent Americans to health and strength, for the possibilities of developing the foot school idea, as it is called, are literally innumerable. In fact, in time it is planned to have one such school for every Army Corps serving in France, adjacent to the corps replacement camp.

KNEW HOW TO SILENCE 'EM

It was one big surprise for everyone in the machine-gun company when the Chaplain at last got Butch into the church for Sunday services. Butch is rated a pretty hard hombre—honest, efficient, and faithful as they make them, but not very careful about his language and more than willing to scrap most auxone any time.

The Chaplain got him one day as Butch was splicing some harness for one of the mules. His line was about like this:

"Now Butch, I'm going to ask you to "Now Butch, I'm going to ask you to come to church Sunday morning. I know you don't want to, but I want you to come as a favor to me.
"If you were out selling lightning-rods you'd at least expect a farmer to let you put one on his house for a trial, if it wasn't going to cost him anything. "Now, we've been good friends ever since I came to the regiment, haven't we.

Butch admitted they had been. So

Butch admitted they had been. So the Chaplain pursued his advantage:
"Good," he said. "Now I'm dealing in an article which I claim will oure a lot of troubles. I'm only asking you to try one sample—just once."
Well, Butch was in church Sunday. The Chaplain had been called away just before services, and a visiting chaplain occupied the pulpit. The rest of the fellows, seeing Butch up in front, were glad to have him with them.
The visiting chaplain looked out over the congregation of freshly-shaved, khaklelad gunners for some one to lead in prayer.

in prayer.

Somehow his eyes fastened on red-baired Butch sitting only a few feet

haired Butto scrop, and away.

The little congregation of soldiers grew tense as they waited for the chaptain to speak. You could just feel he was going to call on Butch.

was going to call on Butch.

He did.

"Will this young man kindly lead us in prayer?" he asked.

Butch got up. Every eye was on him. Everyone wondered how he'd make out, being called on like that the first time he had been to church in years.

But Butch was equal to the emergency.

"Let us have five minutes of silent meditation," said Butch.

SCORE ONE FOR CHICAGO

New York Crowds to Hear Singer She Passed On to Rival [By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The great musical sensation of New York has been the appearance of the wonderful Italian soprano, Amelita Galil Curci, at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. There has been a tremendous spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm over her performances, which reminds old timers of the receptions accorded to Jenny Lind, Patti and other stars.

This gives Chicago a great laugh on New York. Galil Curci had been singing with the Chicago Opera Company for

New York. Galli Curci had been singing with the Chicago Opera Company for more than a year past. Chicago halled her as a soprano conflagration, but New York disheliered. New Yorkers now stand in line for several blocks to buy

tickets.

Galli Curci is twenty-eight years old.
She sang in Italy five years ago and
then went to South America. She began
singing in Chicago for \$300 a night; she
now gets \$1,000. Her income this season
will probably be \$200,000, within \$50,000

COL. ROOSEVELT BETTER

ountry Relieved as He Railles
After Operations [By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The country has been greatly relieved to hear the reports of Colonel Roosevelt's progress teamed recovery, after the two operations he underwent recently for abscess of the

ar.

The streets leading to Roosevelt Hos-bital have been thronged with the motors of the ex-president's friends, calling to earn his condition.

The doctors in charge, while admitting that the colonel's case was at one time

ritical, have constantly voiced their be-ief that his enormous vtalty would pull im through.

TEA FOR CHINESE LABOR

opeless, are, ent back to en surprisent such that the A.E.F. will get the "Filipine turned out ration" as set forth in the Army Requisitions of 1913, with the substitution of tea for the coffee ration constanted

Program in Their Rest Camp Features Mouth Organ and Trench Fiddle Numbers-Also a Prize Recitation

By W. J. PEGLER
Correspondent of the United Press With the A. E. F.

cal evening" back in the rest camp on the night before they went back into the trenches.

The big Swedish supply screent played everything he knew on his trenchmade fiddle—whittled out of ration boxes during odd moments of the previous week's turn in the line. A young boy from Milwankee, with a German-sounding name, whose daddy can't speak English without a Weber and Fields accent, cave the "Star Spangled Banner" on a mouth organ. Slim, the cook, sang "Poor Boy," which has seventy-fue verses, while all the rest of the men sang in a harmonious undertone of minors, "pilisky-plinky-planky-plank," in intation of the bandes which were tacking from the musical company.

Willie the sixteen-year-old corporal whose age shows "21" in the orderly room, sang "Checancha." the rollicking Villista song which many an Amex soldier learned on the border. And Johnson, the captain's orderly centributed two waiting Gaelic melodies with some steps that jarred haif the candles down off the shelf and threw the hut into semi-darkness.

Machine Gun Joins In

Machine Gun Joins In

The camp is not far from the front—not as far as from your home to the office if you live in a big town. At one moment when the captain was "ordering" Johnson to do the dance for the boys, there fell a lull in the entertainment and you could plainly hear some machine gun down in the trenches probably spraying at a Boche working party or patrol. Except for this and the occasional thump of a gun, there was very little doing and the front had settled down to the nightly silent business of patrolling. The camp is not far from the frontof patrolling.

of patrolling.

Johnson is an accomplished lad. Born in Ireland nineteen years ago, he sailed for America five years ago and feined the America five years ago and feined the America Army when it wasn't much of an army as European nations measure their armies. In six month's life in France he has learned to speak French, which makes his fourth language—Gaelic, English, French, and Polish, which be learned from another member of the regiment.

Little Mike Francis, from the hills of

her of the regiment.

Little Mike Francis, from the hills of North Carolina, told how he deduced the recenners when he was distilling illeit corn-jnices on the acres whiled to him by his old dad. Mike is the pigeon specialist of the company. He cures for the carrier pigeons. When asked about his qualifications for the job he said he had had lots of pigeons when a boy.

"What kind of pigeons did you have?" the cantain asked.

"What kind of piecons did you have?" the captain asked.
"Two kinds," Mike replied readily, "great big ones and little bits of ones." However, Mike showed by his further discourse on carriers that he really knew something about piecons, so he got the job. He has made good in the trenches and now he claims to have invented a gas mask which will protect the faithful winced messengers from the enough misson funcs.

The men of L Company had a "must-cal evening" back in the rest camp on the night before they went back into the in a contest to advertise the atroctiles of the Boche and perk up the regiment's

fighting spirit.

One lad submitted a photograph of a girl, clipped from a back home newspaper. She is a very pretty young woman. He wrote below the photograph: "Protect Your Sister from the Boche." This got second prize, but the attempt that copped the five bucks was the poem from the Anardarko sergeant, printed in the first issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES and here repeated for the purposes of this story:

By the rifle on my back, By my old and well-worn pack, the bayonets we sharpened in the billets down below,

billets down below,
When we're holding to a sector,
By the Holy Jumping Hector,
clonel, we'll be Gott-straffed if the
Blankteenth let it go.

And the Boches big and small,
Runty ones and Boches tall,
Won't keep your hoys a-squatting in the
ditches very long,
For we'll soen be busting through,
sir,
God help Fritzie when we do, sir, Let's be going, Colonel Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong.

The sergeant recited his poem and prought down the house. There was a not of yelling and the captain had to lift his hand in a gesture of restraint on the noisy cheering.

the noisy cheering.

But the damage had been done. There was a vigorous and angry knocking on the door, and in the silence that followed the machine guns were heard again. The captain went to answer the summons and stepped outside to talk with a second lientenant of an engineer company stationed near the front to build a light railway.

Just One More Song!

Just One More Song!

"Captain, don't you think your men outh to be made to consider someone else?" the second lieutenant demanded in an irritated tone. "I've been working since five a.m. and so have my men. We are tired. This noise is disturbing us and it's now \$:30. My men have got to get sleep and so have I."

Always a diplomat, the captain apologized, accepting the entire blame.

"Well. I'll have just one more song." be bargained, "and then well quit."

"Thank you, str," said the second lieutenant, and he turned back along the path to his billet.

Probably the captain had the engineers on his mind when he came back into the hut.

"Let's have the engineer's song," said he.

They whoomed it up.

They whooped it up.
And the next night at dusk the marched back into the line—mud. flift natural and now ne cause to nave me the fact and now need as a mask which will protect he faithful wincel messengers from the nemy's poison funes.

A screent from Anadarko (Okla.), trenches.

DOUGHBOYS HIKE TO BATTLE

Continued from Page 1

you can form a faint conception of what the Infantry went through on that day of January, 1918. If not, you won't be able to get even the glimmer of an idea of what it was like.

Skating, Not Hiking

Skating, Not Hiking

Keeping step was impossible, of course, and there was only a bluff at maintaining columns of four formation. Every movement on the treacherous ice was as perilous as learning to skate. In the first five hundred yards there was not a man in the regiment except the mounted officers who escaped a tumble and lots of them went down again and again. Yet it was rare for anyone to fall out and stragglers were few. With it all, the progress made was remarkable, and the temper of the men—after that first outburst of cussing—namirable.

that first outburst of cussing—aumirable.

Wacon trains and motor trucks had as bad a time of it as the men on foot. The mules were splendid. Sliding along in apparently haphazard fashion, they managed to hold up where a horse would have given up the struggle forthwith. The narrowness of the road increased the difficulties of navigation. I counted six four-mule teams in the ditches bordering the road in the first mile out of Mudville. Squads had to be detached from the companies to get them out, and to gather up the supplies and baggage strewn over the landscape.

At the end of the first hour's marchag, during a ten-minute breathing spell.

during a ten-minute breathing spell, liscovered a fellow New Yorker in

one of the companies.
"How's the hiking?"
"Say, this ain't hiking, it's skating, and I've done plenty of that out in Pelham Bay Park." was the reply. "I'm getting along great, outside of a few fractures of the funny bone and internal concussions the first two or three times. I forgot to watch my step. If the Bushes have any shrapnel that's harder than this road they're doing well."

Gothamite Sticks It Out

I noticed this chap again a couple of ours later. He was at the tail end of

I noticed this chap again a couple of hours later. He was at the tail end of his platoon, limping badly. An officer told him he could climb aboard one of the supply wagons if his feet hurt him. He just shook his head, and kept on hiking. Before the war he was selling gents furnishings in a Sixth Arenue department store.

The officers without exception watched their men as a collie watches the ewe lambs in a flock. Most of those who were mounted got off their horses as soon as they were outside Mudville and marched the rest of the way on foot. I saw one of them offering his horse to a badly winded private, and another, despite a slightly sprained ankle, refused a lift in a passing staff car.

The regiment reached a morose hamlet we'll call Manureburg because that's what it principally was at half past ten. They had covered nine miles, more than half the day's distance, in just two hours and a half. And they came in singing! None of the new, muchylugged war ditties, but the doughbors' energible battle hymn.

erable battle hymn

"Why they couldn't lick the Infantry in a hundred thousand years!"

in a hundred thousand years!"

At the doors of their low, raking cotages the inhabitants of Manurchurg iliently watched the long column strugtle through the village, slipping, and sliding, and coming down in heaps like a scrimmage on the tenyard line. Although there were no Americans billeted here, all the peasants seemed to know he meaning of the march. "They ure going to the trencles." Chiefly they narvelled that on such a day "les amerialis," who are so rich and so magnificantly equipped, should be travelling so ar on foot. French troops nowadays are moved about in motor-trucks whenver the distance to be traversed is more than twenty or thirty miles.

There is an alleged cafe in Manure-

There is an alleged café in Manure There is an alleged cafe in Manure-burg, but only four men succumbed to its temptations. All four of them were cooks. They fell out of line in a body, stormed the cafe, guiped down a quart of champagne, and were back in their places all in the space of four minutes. The adroitness with which they thus vio-lated regulations camouflaged their mis-demeanor from their officers and they remained completely undetected. Out-side of this quartet, I don't believe a single man in the regiment had a drink all day long.

which in most cases managed to keep up with the hikers. Beans, bacon, rice, coffee and bread was the menu. It was hastily devoured in the Roman style, that is, reclining on the mixture of ice, snow and mud that plastered the roadsince officers. Deryound as soon as the "fall out" order was given, and lots of the officers looked as if they wished they didn't have to set an example of leadership and dignity by keeping on their foot.

feet.

The morale, which had never been low, began to climb to a lofty altitude after dinner. Singing became more general and the gentle art of kidding, never neglected for long in the U.S. Atmy, was resumed. One of the companies was the principal but of the jesters. It is yclept the Foreign Legion because it numbers among its members doughboys of Italian, Portugese, Spanish, Chinese, Indian, both red and brown, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Roumanian, Russian, Polish, and South American parentage—some twenty nationalities in all.

"Those gura'll need a platoon of inter-

"Those guys'll need a platoon of inter-oreters to tell 'em when to go over the op," one buck private loudly pro-

"Say, you ought've seen 'em this morning," another rejoined. "Fifteen of 'em stood at 'tention and saluted when the captain sneezed."

NO TALKING IN RANKS!



Jock: "What's the difference ween a collie dog and a classy be Jock: "What's the difference between a collie dog and a classy boulevardier sucking a cane?"

Bock: "You've got me; spring it."

Jock: "One is a model collie and the other is a mollycoddle."

Not long ago a witty private attached to a base hospital was confined in a ward by illness for several days. He was in the habit of "rubbing it in" on his comrades. He knew no limit and frequently his gib tongue sent shafts of biting satire into the very hide of his fellows, but his good nature molified the effects. In this particular hospital privates and nurses were not permitted to associate with one another and promenades were taboo within the hospital grounds or elsewhere. Strict compliance with the orders had been observed as far as the attending nurses and ward patients knew, and therein the "wit" handed out a stinger to his kind nurse.

"We had some time on that moonlight promenade the other evening—didn'twe, nurse?" said Mac in a loud voice. This impertinent question raised sixty heads from their pillows and sixty pairs of eyes were gazing at friend nurse. She looked puzzled, blushed several times and then scowled, but Mac lay quietly, observing the effect of his intimate question on said nurse. He hesitated long enough to temper his joke, and, seeing that the nurse was smiling it off, said:

"Oh! That's all righty, all right; but you're not any more ashamed of it than I am."

THE WRIST WATCH SPEAKS

I am the wrist watch.

due.
I mount guards, I dismiss guards

I am in all and of all, at the heart of every move in this man's war. I am the witness of every action, the chonicler of every second that the war ticks on its way. Lifted forever and forever above the poodle-dog class of useless ornament. I am the instructor, the arbiter, the consoler, the friend of every officer and every man.

every man.

I am, in this war, the indispensable,
the always-to-be-reckoned-with.

I am the wrist watch.

reached the town in which they were to pass the night this youth pointed his rifie at his head and pulled the trigger. There was no explanation for his act. ther than that he had seemed in a d

There was no explanation for his act, other than that he had seemed in a despondent mood for several days. He had enlisted at the start of the war and had a good record as a soldier. The suicide put an end to both singing and kidding for the rest of the day, and the regiment turned in at the wooden barracks provided for its use by the French in a soher frame of mind.

Supper was disposed of even more swiftly than dinner had been. Afterwards every doughboy did just two things—took off his soaking-wet shoes and went to sleep. With one blanket under him and three rolled around him, he lay on the low wooden bunks covered with straw in a comatose slumber until reveille the next-morning. They say the snoring that arose from these bunks made the Boches think a barrage was being laid down at Verdun.

The — Infantry hiked some sixteen miles over those ice-plastered roads that for the stray of the says of the says

COMPANY FUNDS PROFIT THROUGH

Every Soldier Subscription Means Immediate Luxury Money

A. E. F. NEWSPAPER

CHANCE TO CORRAL GOLD

Company with 100 Per Cent Sub scription List Will Make \$200 for Year

BULLETIN No. 10 GIVES PLAN

All Profits From Publication of THE STARS AND STRIPES Also to Go to Companies

How company funds can be swelled materially through subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official publication of the A. E. F., is made clear in Bulletin No. 10 which has been sent by G. H. Q., A. E. F., to all unit and detachment commanders of the American over-sear compand TWO WAYS TO FUSS A NURSE

detachment commanders of the American over-seas command.

The price of a three months' subscrip-tion for soldiers is four francs. If the number of subscriptions in a company totals 150 or over, one franc of each in-dividual subscription price is added to the company fund.

If the total number of unit subscrip-tions is 100 or over, but less than 150.

the company fund.

If the total number of unit subscriptions is 100 or over, but less than 150, seventy-five centimes of each individual subscription price go into the company fund. Sixty-five subscriptions will mean that fifty centimes of each individual subscription price go immediately into the company fund, while a total of subscriptions below sixty-five will give the company fund twenty-five centimes of each subscription price.

Thus, no matter what the number of subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES in a company organization, the company fund will benefit, and every soldier knows the luxury-buying power of every additional penny in a well handled company fund.

In addition to benefiting immediately through receiving a share of every three months' subscription price to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the company funds will also participate in the profits accruing from the publication of the paper, profits that are confidently expected to result from civilian subscriptions and advertising.

Besides setting forth how company

tions and advertising.

Besides setting forth how company funds will profit from the publication



2. This newspaper—the only official publication of the A. E. F.—has been named THE STARS AND STRIPES. It will be published every Friday, beginning February 8, 1918, for the durtion of the war.

Indicated in the space of four minutes. The adroitness with which they thus violated regulations camouflaged their misdemeanor from their officers and they remained completely undetected. Outside of this quartet, I don't believe a single man in the regiment had a drink all day long.

Dine in Roman Style

A mile beyond Manureburg the column haited for half an hour. Dinner was provided from the ambulating kitchens, which in most cases managed to keep up that the state of the state of

4. THE STARS AND STRIPES will give the A. E. F. news about itself, keeping every unit as fully informed as possible as to what the entire A. E. F. is doing. The folks back home have been getting this news all along; now it will be given every week to the members of the A. E. F.

between the amount charged the organization and the individual subscription A CHANT OF ARMY COOKS

between the amount charged the organization and the individual subscription price of four francs.

9. Regimental and similar unit commanders will designate an officer to consolidate and handle the subscriptions and funds for the regiment or unit, and also to see that the weekly bundles for each company or detachment are promptly delivered. Company and detachment commanders will make a settlement every three months with the officer mentioned above. The list of subscribers will be kept in the company and not forwarded.

10. When all subscriptions are paid, the officer designates in each regiment showing number of subscriptions per company, through the Division Adjutant, to the Treasurer. STARS AND STRIPES, G. H. Q., A. E. F.

11. As soon as the number of subscriptions in each unit has ben approximately determined, it will be reported to the Division Adjutant, who is authorized to use the telegraph to notify THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, G. H. Q., A. E. F., at the earliest possible moment of the total number of subscriptions in the division, giving these figures by company units, so that the necessary number of copies to fill the subscriptions may be printed and forwarded each week.

12. The required number of papers to

the subscriptions may be printed and forwarded each week.

12. The required number of papers to fill subscriptions will be delivered each week through regulating stations along with other supplies for organizations. Station commanders will take the necessary steps to have these papers delivered promptly to company offices for distribution to individual subscripters.

13. Individual subscriptions for officers and men not attached to organizations.

JAMES G. HARBORD, Brigadier General, Chief of Staff.

AMERICA DROPS POLITICAL GAME

news usually effective in scaring the stock market had practically no effect on it. Even the bad news about the sinking of the Tuscania caused no flurry. The steadiness appears to indicate an extremely strong general confidence. Whole Nation Tested

past the whole nation has been decidedly tested. The unexampled weather and the fuel scarcity put a severe strain upon all classes of the population. The entire country, with all its teeming cities and mixed populations, withstood the test in perfect order. Admirable conduct was in evidence everywhere.

The American people proved that self-government works. There was no occasion anywhere for the authorities to suppress disorder; there was no need for appeals to patriotism. The people faced the problem quietly, resolutely, patiently.

One of the extraordinary aspects of

One of the extraordinary aspects of the situation was the unexpectedly great efficiency under sudden strain of American local government, city and state. Excellent cooperation was afforded in meeting the needs of the Federal Government. Municipal machineries everywhere worked wonderfully well, and a general willingness to subordinate personal and sectional interests was everywhere to be observed. In other words, the communal spirit was universally exhibited.

A Splendid Answer

The five-day factory suspension order afforded another drastic test of the national spirit and good sense. It was met with a response which was inspiringly good. An intelligent, broad view of the situation was general, and the order was obeyed in spirit as well as in letter. Violations of the order were astonishingly few. Thus the first actual demand on the American people for some sacrifice and some actual privation for the furtherance of a great purpose has been answered splendidly.

The people's attitude toward the present discussion in Congress on war matters has also been good up to date. There is no indication anywhere of an inclination on the part of the nation to be carried off its feet. The public attitude is earnest, but patient. An intelligent desire to know all the facts is prepondering any display of temper.

getting this news all along: now it will
be given every week to the members of
the A. E. F.
5. In addition, THE STARS AND
STRIPES will serve as a medium of
publication for poems, stories, articles,
caricatures and cartoons of army life
produced by members of the A. E. F.
6. In brief, THE STARS AND
STRIPES will be strictly and solely an
sembers regularly very week the news
which up to now it has received at best
if members regularly very week the news
which up to now it has received at best
if members regularly very week the news
which up to now it has received at best
if members regularly very week the news
which up to now it has received at best
if members regularly served to this, THE
STARS AND STRIPES will be an excellent medium through which you may
deep relatives and friends at home informed of such interesting information
at they can obtain in no other way.
7. It is hoped that there may be a
large subscription for THE STARS AND
STRIPES in every company or corresponding unit of the A. E. F.

8. The individual subscription for
three months for any member of the A.

15. In addition, THE STARS AND
STRIPES will be an excellent medium through which you may
deep relatives and friends at home informed of such interesting information
at the case of the sounds of the people, and has given an example
of the people, and has given an example
of the people, and has given an example
of subscription for three may be a
large subscription for THE STARS AND
STRIPES in every company or
three months for any member of the A.

It is hoped that there may be a
large subscription for three months for any member of the A.

It is hoped that there may be a
large subscription for three months for any member of the A.

E. F. is four france, paid in advance.
In order of the full three of the company of the people, and any of the ensorship and
defined and proud to appear.

BEATING THE BLUE PENCIL

Here's one way correspondents have
of gently evading the censorship and
counting for subscriptions, the following pain for handlin

ing," another rejoined. "Fifteen of 'em stood at 'tention and saluted when the stood at 'tention

We never were made to be seen or parade When sweethearts and such line the

streets, When the band starts to blare, look When the band starts to blare, look for us—we ain't there.

We're mussing around with the eats. It's fun to step out to the echoing shout Of a crowd that forgets how you're fed,

While we're soiling our dud hacking eyes out of spuds—

You know what Napoleon said.

When the mess sergeant's gay, you can

When the mess sergeant's gay, you can be theil's to pay For the boys who are standing in line; When the boys get a square, then the sergeant is there
With your death warrant ready to sign.
If you're long on the grub, then you're dammed for a dub,
If you're short, you're a miser instead, But, however you feel, you must get the next meal—
You know what Napoleon said.

You think it's a cinch when it comes to the clinch
For the man who is grinding the meat;
in the heat of the fight, why, the cook's
out of sight
With plenty of room to retreat.
But a plump of a shell in a kitchen is
hell

When the roof scatters over your head. And you crawl on your knes to pick up the K. P.'s— You know what Napolon said.

If the war ever ends, we'll go back to our friends—
In the army we've nary a one—
We'll list to the prattle of this or that battle.
And then, when the story is done,
We'll say when they ask, "now what was your task,
And what is the glory you shed?"
"You see how they thrive—well, we kept 'em alive!
You know what Napoleon said."

NO RECIPE REQUIRED

Hash is a staple dish in the American home, but not in the Army. Therefore, when a mess sergeant repeated the hash diet several days, one of the privates made several remarks about the food to do they make that 'ere hash?'

"How do they make that 'ere hash?" he asked innocently.

An chony-hued lad who had been second cook on a Mississippi packet looked at the questioner and smiled.

"They don' make hash; it jus' accum'lates."

HOTELPLAZA ATHÉNÉE

FAMILY HOTEL, 7, Ave. du Trocedero.

HOTEL D'ALBE, Ar. Champe Blysses & Arenue de Palma, Parte, PATRONIQUE BY AMEDICANS. ALBERTI'S Grand Café

KNICKERBOCKER LUNCH 7 france DINNER Strangs

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM

194 Rue de Rivoli. Open daily 2.30 to 5 p.m.

'MODERN OPTICAL Co.' OPTICIENS SPÉCIALISTES pour la VUE

N. QUENTIN, Directeur

Boulevard des Italiens, PARIS.

Reduction to Americans.

Military and Civil **Tailors**

KBIEGCK & CO

23 Rue Royale.

YES! Americans, you wan americans, you wan americans, you wan americans and bulbs at "LALUMIÈRE pour Tous" "Lau St. Florentift, Paris (Sc.) Americans, you will find torches and bulbs at

OFFICERS & SOLDIERS

A. A. TUNMER & CO. 1-3 Place Saint-Augustin,



SHOES

34 Boulevard des Italiens 19-21 Boul, des Capucines PARIS

All soldiers are wel-come at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rend-trade Math ered free of charge.

The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

(******************************

You have come to the Home of



Delicious with lemon, sirops, etc., and a perfect combination

> DRINK IT

PARIS, 36 bis Boulevard Haussmann

PERRIN LIFE-SAVING BELT

Offers every gu BARCLAY, 18 & 20, Avenue de l'Opéra, PARIS.

Description and Catalogue free on application.

Having Branches in the Army Zone, equipped with English-Speaking Staffs, are enabled to render Banking services to the

BRANCHES AT AMIENS, BOULOGNE, HAVRE, LYONS, MARSEILLES, ROUEN. Enquiries solicited on all Business.

AMERICAN MILITARY and NAVAL FORCES

EVERY FACILITY FOR FOREIGNERS

WALK-OVER



LYONS. 12 Rue de la République NAPLES, 215 Via Roma

Standard-Bearers

America!



with the light wines of France.

TO-DAY

ADMINISTRATION OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PROPERTY

THE ONLY INSTANTANEOUS Patented S.G.D.G. AND AUTOMATIC APPARATUS

Furnishers of Governments of America, England and France and of all Centers of Aviation.

COX & CO. (France) Limited 22 RUE LOÙIS LE GRAND, PARIS (Opera)

American Military and Naval Forces

CREDIT LYONNAIS Head Office: LYONS Central Office: PARIS, 19 Boulevard des Italiens BANKING BUSINESS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION WITH ENGLISH-SPEAKING STAFF

Branches in all principal French towns, amongst others the following:
Amiens, Angers, Angoutéme, Bar-le-Duc, Bayorme, Belfort, Besancon, Bordeaux,
Boulogne-aur-Mer, Brest, Casa, Calisi, Cannes, Cotts, Chammont, Dieppe, Dijon,
Dunderk, Epernay, Epinal, Fécamp, Hovre, La Rocheff, Limoges, Marsellier,
Nancy, Nantes, Nice, Orleans, Bennes, Rochfort, Roben, Saire-Disier, Saint-Maile
Toulon, Ture, Trouville, Troyes, Vannes, Versaillet, Viry-le-François, Bourges
Chermont-Ferrand, Isodum, Navers, Saint-Maghad, Verson.

13. Individual subscriptions for officers and men not attached to organizations will be received and handled by the nearest officer designated by a regimental or similar commander as outlined in aragraph 9.

14. Members of the A. E. F. wishing copies sent by mail to friends can pay for such subscriptions at the base rate, four francs for three months. Designated regimental officers (see paragraph 9) will forward such names and addresses, with postal money order for the total

9) will forward such names and addresses, with postal money order for the total amount, to Treasurer, STARS AND STRIPES, G. H. Q., A. E. F.
15. The heartiest and promptest cooperation of all organization commanders is desired in order that THE STARS AND STRIPES may reflect the greatest possible credit on the A. E. F. BY COMMAND OF GENERAL PERSHING:

BENJ. ALVORD, Adjutant General

TO WIN THE WAR

NEW YORK, Feb. 7 (delayed in ransmission).—During the month just oast the whole nation has been decid-dly tested. The unexampled weather

of the extraordinary aspects of situation was the unexpectedly

A Splendid Answer

S RUE DUPHOT
The SMALLEST but SMARTEST
UMBRELLA SHOP in PARIS



A. E. F. UNIVERSITY GIVES GRADS DEGREE OF B. A. F

2000 Bachelors of Art of Fighting Have Been Turned Out of Army's Schools in France

FIVE WEEKS' COURSE IS STIFF ONE TO BUCK

"What We're Here For," Say Students as They Buckle Down to Big Job

By W. S. BALL Correspondent of the Providence Journal With

the American Army in France

America's educational system is expanding, as perhaps you realize. Perhaps, also, you know that it is bulging heavily in this direction. But it is developing more than you might believe, I suspect, along formal and elaborate

I have just returned from a visit to one of our newest and busiest American universities. There are, of course, special training schools of many sorts in all the armies. But this one is a real university, a group of post-graduate schools; so far as I know it was the first of its kind.

This university, whose name is a number and whose address is the familiar alphabetical trilogy "A. E. F.," has for its campus a few thousand acres of

mud.

Its lecture halls are squatty shacks, about as impressive as those in a typical street-widening scene in downtown Providence. Its dormitories can be distinguished from the lecture halls by the numbers over the doors, and nohow else. Its laboratory apparatus would make the sternest showing of the engineering department of any university back home look like a Rehoboth sewing circle.

College Yell Is Untamed

Its college yell exists only in the form of a general shout of glee at grub time. Its favorite song is "Rosic O'Grady" or Its favorite song is "Rosic O'Grady" or something equally antique. Whatever old ditty happens to be running in any man's mind at the moment will serve. Its official bell is a bugle. Its campusgate is a two-by-three sentry box. Every physical phase of it is raw and primitive.

But—
It is equipped to graduate 8,000 super-fighters a year. More than 2,000 of them already cherish its diplomas.
And every man it sends out from any one of its departments is not merely a super-fighter, but the teacher of a company of fighters. For it is a normal school as well.

It was said that Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other made a college. Here, too, it is the instructors and the students, rather than the physical equipment, that make

the instructors and the students, rather than the physical equipment, that make the university. The spirit of the men creates the place.

I mentioned that 2,000 already cherish its diplomas. "Cherish" is right. For a diploma from this school is a tribute to hard-won knowledge—knowledge of how to "get" the Kalser's cohorts.

such schools. This is the American plan for economy of administration. It has the added and important advantage of permitting the easy co-ordination of courses that fit into each other.

As now constituted, the schools in this group can care for nearly 11,000 students. Each school takes commissioned and non-commissioned officers alike, and the enrollment is about equally divided between them.

The lengths of the courses differ

The lengths of the courses differ slightly in the various affiliated schools, but five weeks is the general period of a term. The longest, aerial observation, is stx weeks. There's one course which practically all the students of all the schools are required to take, that lasts hree days.

of its kind. And scribbling here by dubious candle light in the office of the village tavern, where French and American uniforms and accents are mingling curiouslaround the room, I want, while the picture of what I have seen is fresh in mind, to emphasize the fact that it is a splendidly American addition to our chain of educational institutions.

The universities back home have, for the duration of the war, a lively rival here. And yet not merely a rival. It supplements their work as well. Within the day I have talked with Brown graduates and those of other colleges, now studying side by side with men who have seen no schooling since eighth grade days.

This university, whose name is a weeker and density on the duration of the state of the form.

There are now tenders in the form and the properties of a thousand or more men each. It was established last September, definitely end has been steadily increasing its apacity ever since.

This university, whose name is a weeker and density ments on the deads. With terms of five weeks each for the majority students, and a necessary interval of a week between outgoing and incoming classes, the university is prepared to graduate eight classes a year, of a thousand or more men each. It was established last September, definitely expanded about the middle of October, and has been steadily increasing its capacity ever since.

All Branches But Two

There are now ten departments of schools, all but two of which are cor

There are now ten departments or schools, all but two of which are conducted on the main campus. These two are not far away, and are under the same presidency and general direction. To pass through all ten, absorbing everything that they have to offer, would be to learn practically everything that is known, up to the latest tick of the watch, of the art of modern warfare in every branch except heavy artillery and flying. These are taught elsewhere. Here, for example, infantry officers are taught the latest angles of their many-sided jobs, from setting up drills to subjuing, from trench routine to llaison with the artillery. For the infantry officers must know an amazinarly number of things, and the number is increasing with every day of war experience. He must be the expert of his command in every branch of its work.

He must know the surest way to land a hand grenade in the enemy trenches at the particular quarter-second when it will do the most good. He must know the meaning of every highlight and every shadow in an aerial photograph of the enemy trenches opposite him. He must know the ultimate detail how to follow barrage fire when his men go over the top.

the top.

He must know these and a hundred other things, all in addition to the supreme art of commanding men. Of seeing that they have the regulation allowance of socks when they take to the trenches. Of insisting that they grease their feet properly. Of making sure that their rations are well cooked. Of keeping them cheered up when tobaccoruns low or when the mailman doesn't come around with letters from home.

"Real Dope" Is Taught Here

AN ODE TO MY WINTERFIELD UNIFORM

By Q. M. SERGEANT PERCY WEBB



O Winterfield, my Winterm y field, I really must You quite sur-pass most any Of uniform or dressi

And yet the shades of coat and Oh, uniform of mine,

There is a color line! There's class to your patch pockets; still, I've reason to Suppose

Are brown and green, while in

pockers, suppose
They call them "patch" because they match
Some other fellow's clothes.
And while across
my tightened I feel your buttons bind,

We would I fail to know the tail



Then when I'm
walking
through the
town,
I hear the people say,
While giving me While giving me the "up and down,"

"What is he, anyway? "Is he one of the flying corps, A home-guard, engineer— A Belgian or a Britisher On furlough over here?"

O Winterfield, my Winterfield! Whate er your merits be, You're good enough for Uncle



The man inside could say with pride, "I'm a U.S. MA-RINE!"

The Term's "Big Show"

A "DUD" IS JUST A FIZZLE

of Handy Lingo

LONDON.—Now that "camouflage" has definitely rooted itself in the English inguage as a synonym for deception and bunk of any kind, American slanguists should be ready to take "dud."

DUD, adj.; totally defective; zero in degree; of no account; worth-less,—Dictionary of 1918.

less.—Dictionary of 1918

Some ready witted Tommy addressed himself one day to a huge German shell that had fallen near him but failed to explode. "You dear old dud," beamed the Tommy. Since then all harmless shells, bombs or cartridges have been known as "duds."

Known as "duds."

From explosives that do not explode, the word soon extended itself in fighters' vocabularies until it became the thing to describe idle parts of the front as "dud sectors," war weary Roches as "dud Fritzes," and battles that fail to develop into expected big actions as "dud shows."

The British front passed the word along to the American front, and now, by these tokens, "dud" is officially sent home as one of the first of the American

salmon nink

about it. It brisks up the start of the laugh now and then.
"When we first tackled these kid
stunts," explained one of the students,
"we felt more or less foolish. But soon
we got to see the value of them, and
then to enjoy them. Now we go in for
them for all we are were at

gas when it first comes over, ways of anticipating attacks and preparations for meeting them—all these are included in the brief but intensive course.

I have dealt at some lebuth with the infantry and gas branches of the schools because these can be described less technically than some of the others, and I am not here trying to give even a casual imitation of a millitary treatise. Our university teaches also engineering in most of its war branches, many forms of camouflage, rife and pistol and automatic gun fire, grenade threwing, bayonet work, army sanitation from the medical expert and company commander point of view, and serial observation. Every one of them descrees a description but this is a story of the institution as a whole.

Schools Like Mushrooms

Schools Like Mushrooms

Not the least interesting phase of the whole big enterprise has been the way in which it has grown from nothing and carried on its teaching at the same time. Which is typical of much that our army already in France has been through.

We are just at the threshold of our part in the affair. Our officers have been working out the problems not merely of the untold thousands who are here, but of the untold hundreds of thousands to follow.

Hardly more than these mentile and

thousands to follow.

Hardly more than three months ago the site of this sprawling establishment was a rural French landscape and nothing more. Fields of grain and vegetables occupied it. A farm building or two, and the village in the distance were the only signs of life. Then it was chosen as the location for the first of our military universities, and America moved in. Construction work was barely under

Construction work was barely under way when the work of instruction began. Classes were formed almost before there were berracks to house all the students. Artillery ranges and practice trenches were still to be provided. The executive officers and instructors evolved their systems of teaching while they built roads and platfied barracks. And building still goes on as fast as resources at land will allow.

land will allow.

Today the President of the university, whose real title is Commandant of the schools, took me to the summit of a little hill not far from the administration building and pointed out the various features of the institution.

"There," said he indicating, "is the—I mean will be—"

"There will be, I mean is—"

"There will be, I mean is—"

"There is, or will be, or partly is—"

One really deer not know how much per cent of the university is on earth and how much is still on paper till one has consulted the construction records of the previous half-day.

runsitioned that 2,000 alreaty cherist in methodo that 2,000 alreaty cherist in the diploman from this school is attribute to hard-won knowledge—know it is diploman from this school is attribute to hard-won knowledge—know it is diploman from this school is attribute to hard-won knowledge—know it is diploman from this school is attribute to hard-won knowledge—know it is diploman from this school is attribute to hard-won knowledge—know it is diploman from the British from the same and the strange goods that this war demands. He can delive the goods—the strange goods that this war demands. He can delive the goods—the strange goods that this war demands. He can the British from the British from the British from the British from the same show it is a see the constant introduction on the British from the same show much is still on paper till one work of the infantry condition of the work of the infantry condition of the strange goods that this war demands. He can delive the goods—the strange goods that this war demands in the British from the strange goods that this war demands of the British from the strange goods that this war demands. He can delive the goods—the strange goods that this war demands in the British from the strange goods that this war demands to the British from the strange goods that this war demands that the good of the strange of the work of the infantry cohorts of the good of the strange of the more of the strange of the more of the strange of the more of the strange of the work of the infantry cohorts of the pate of the proper of the pate of the pate of the work of the infantry cohorts of the pate of the work of the infantry cohorts of the pate of the pa

school, but of khakl-America in France Give the men here a reasonable chance with supplies and all, and "you can bet your life" on them. Which, as a matter of fact, is the gamble you can't dedge in this affair.

The geography of the university in question is difficult to describe without nuwise precision. The easiest way to get to it is to don Uncle Sam's uniform and make good in your company until Friend Captain asks you to make better by sending you here. If Friend Colonel and Friend General endorse the Captain's guess about you, then welcome to our village.

"To Make Better Than Good"

"To make better than good" is the real motto of the institution. It takes by a carreful system of selection and assignment, picked men from different commands in many branches of the service. These are given a vigorous course in the intricacles of the newest arts of modern war, and then return to their commands to pass along what they have learned.

It differs from the scattered training camps of the French and British Armies and the few that the American Army has here, each devoted to a single branch, in being a consolidated group of several

STORIES OF THE LORRAINE LINE

CUSSING TO A GOOD PURPOSE

Someone had just remarked that the

Someone had just remarked that the American soldier swears, "But he swears for a d—— good cause," said the bayonet instructor. "You start your bayonet practice feeling kind of passive toward the Boches. We the time you've been jabbing and cussing for fifteen minutes you find you've cussed yourself into a hot rage against the dirty murderers."

The beyong school is in a hollow.

The bayonet school is in a hollow There are about thirty dummies dressed There are about thirty dummies dressed like Huns swinging in the breeze in the posture which Sammy thinks would be most appropriate for the Kaiser and the Crown Prince—ropes around their necks and feet clear of the ground. In shellholes on the ground there are more dummies with a tag stuck on each vital part. Beyond, where the floor of the hollow starts sloping upward, is a line of trench and still further, midway up the slope, is a row of sticks with Jam cans perched on top of them.

Thirty rangy militiamen lined up to

Thirty rangy militiamen lined up in the snow at the start of the "track." The instructor signaled and they crouched.

crouched.

"Go!" he shouted. "Got the — 's. Cut their — hearts out."

With flerce yells the men sprang at the swinging rows of Huns. "Eec-yo-ow, you dirty — " screamed the quick little bantam on the end as he threw himself at the Hun. His bayonet did its dirty work and he slammed the Boche with his rifle-butt just to make the job a certainty. "Eec-yip, Yahee-e. I am, am 1?" yelled the next man, and his face was a picture of rage. "You long, buth, stilling — "
All down the line bayonet were flash-

All down the line bayonet were flashing and thirty American boys cursed like madmen. They swept on to the shell-holes, still howling their profane warcry and skewering the prostrate Huns. They dropped into the trench and commenced snipling the jam tins. Every tin dropped then to enjoy them. Now we go in for them for all we are worn a."

It is a diverting sizat to see a group of husty men in blanti, who the day before were to ing with rapid-fire guns and hand-grenades, and who a few minutes later will turn to jabbing bayonets through dummies and tackling barbed wire entanglements, chase each other floundering through the mud in a desperate attempt to "tag" each other.

But it is a part of the training whose value grim experience has taught. And the contrasts of war are strange in other ways than this.

As the five weeks' course nears its end, the men spend more and more of their time putting into actual practice in the field what they have been learning. The final week brings a general liaison test of the various departments, each section contributing its special branch of the fighting to a miniature battle, which is as realistic as anything to be seen back of the actual front.

The Term's "Big Show"

"That's our motto."

BOUND HE'D EAT IN COMFORT

"Hey, lleutenant, better not run on that road. Fritzie can see it plain as day and he's been dropping shells on it all morning."

all morning."

The warning came from a mud-spattered doughboy, scated on the tumbled bricks of a destroyed farmhouse with his mess-tin full of beans held between his knees. Mud and khaki make a perfect cannoufage. You wouldn't have noticed him if he hadn't yelled.

The staff lieutenant on the way back from brigade headquarters stopped his ear. The shouled warning was supple-mented by the unmistakable "racket" car. The shouted warning was supplemented by the unmistakable "racket" of traveling shells—that invisible express train sound. Two "H.E." shells slammed the surface of the road just ahead and tore holes in the crushed rock, burling stones and chunks of steel in five directions.

This is the "hig show" of the term. It furnishes a climax that fixes many brings in mind as the men return to their barracks and pack their belongings in preparation for their return to their several commands, scattered through Somewhere. in five directions.

The lieutenant and his driver got out. It was right on the edge of a crushed farm village. A woven-work netting camouflage was supposed to hide the road, but in eighteen months of stationary fighting thereabouts the Boche has obtained accurate registry of the town and road both, despite camouflage.

"Come back in town here lieutenant," called the soldier from his rockpile luncheon. "Most of them bit the road or go cleau over into the Rue de Victory. It's safe here."

The Boche was starting up again. He through Somewhere.

Once upon a time we heard a phrase about a million men springing into action between sunrise and sunset—or was it between sunset and sunrise? Long ago we learned the primitiveness of that notion. But for a full and perfect answer one must visit such a school for warriors as this that Uncle Sam has planted in the fields of France.

Here one sees demonstrated the

Here one sees demonstrated the futility of going into modern battle without knowing what a modern battle is. Here one sees the myriad details of it—each detail of which means lives thrown away or lives saved.

thrown away or lives saved.

Here one sees the intricacles of preparation that range all the way from washing mess this to the most rigid application of higher mathematics. Here one sees officers toiling to make up for long years of military innocence. And here one sees the sight of sights—young Americans by the thousands tackling their task with the sureness of grim good nature that answers questions about their work by saying:

"You bet your life! That's what we're here for."

or the discrete of the Rule de Victory. It's safe here."

The Boche was starting up again. He tossed ten shells on the road and about thirty more into town.

With each shell the lieutenant, the driver and the infantryman ducked their heads and after each duck they looked up with sheepish grins at one another. One high-explosive missile went low over their heads and poked another hole in the Swiss cheese front wall of a destroyed dwelling across the street. It struck square in the middle of the "Chocolate Menier" sign.

"Bull's-eye." said Sammy, looking up from bis hopeless search for a morsel of pork among the beans.

"Say," he demanded, turning to the driver, "what do you guys get to eat? Last night we had slum and I couldn't

find any potatoes in it. Today we get pork and beans—only it's theoretical pork."

pork."

The shelling became fairly hot. Several hundred shrapnel and high explosive shells broke over the town, in the ruins and in a row along the road. "Yanke" and Pollus appeared in twos and three from unobservable nooks in the ruins and hurried to the dugouts down under the masoury.

In these towns awall notice that all

down under the masonry.

In these towns you'll notice that all the emergency dugouts have their entrance facing toward interior France, away from the direction of enemy shells. They are placed in the lee of a standing wall whenever there's a wall standing. "Wonder where that one went," said the driver after one loud burst. He ran through a hole in the wall to investigate a fresh shell-hole at close range.

The lieutenant was under fee for the

The lieutenant was under fire for the first time. However he felt about it he maintained an outward calm—almost unconcern—for the benefit of the gallery of enlisted men.

A head poked out of the nearest dug-out.

out.
"Hey Fat," yelled the man in the dugout. "Come on in here. You'll get hurt if you stick out there."
"Well, a man's got to eat, hasn't he?"
Fat called back. "That dugont stinks so a fellow can't enjoy his chow down there."

COOKS TO DOLE THE SUGAR

CAMP FUNSTON, KAS.—Food conservation here and in other camps throughout the country has even gone to the bottom of the soldiers' coffee cup. No longer will be please his "sweet tooth" by digging into the sagar bowl and dipping out two, or perhaps three, spoonfuls of sucar to make his black Java more palatable. Hereafter the cook will dole it out to him.

EDUCATES THE OFFICERS

Maneuvers, Says Southerner, Serve a Useful Purpose

How eager the soldiers of a certain merican unit were to get into action demonstrated in a story told by a numanding officer who was watching maneuver just before the troops went to the front.

Six doughboys were resting on the side of a hill after spending a hard day climble group mud to capture "Hindenburg" and "Mackensen" trenches that existed only on maps prepared for that particular problem. They had done the same thing many times before.

"Well, boys," drawled one lanky Southerner, "we're all anxious to quit this playin' and go up. And I suppose we'll get up' some day when we get through educating these officers!"

TIFFANY & Co

LONDON, 221, Regent Street, W. NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street

MACDOUGAL & CO. ARNOLD STEWART Successor AMERICAN MILITARY

TAILORS

1 bis Rue Auber Corner Rue Scribe PARIS Orders Executed in 48 Hours.

Our services at the disposal of American Officers requiring information of any description.

BURBERRYS

Military Outfitters

8 Boulevard Malesherbes, PARIS SUPPLY

Article of War Equipment.

TRENCH WARMS TUNICS & BREECHES SAM BROWNE BELTS

BEST QUALITY at

AGENTS IN FRANCE

BESANCON-Goldschmidt. CHAUMONT - Lisse, 47 Rue Buxe-

RENNES-Gèrard, 1 Rue Le Bastard. SAUMUR - Dépât Burberry, 1 Rue Beaurepaire.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE

MEMBERSHIP.—The Union is supported by annual fees paid by the colleges and universities of America, all the students and alumni of which, whether graduates or not, are thereby entitled, WITHOUT PAYMENT OF ANY DUES, to the general privileges of the Union, and may call upon the Union in person or by mail to render them any reasonable service.

PRIVILEGES—The Union offers at reasonable rates both single and double bed-rooms, with or without bath. There is hot and cold running water in all rooms, which are well heated. Room reservations should be made in advance whenever possible, as only 100 men can be accommodated. The restaurant serves excellent meals both to roomers and to transients.

REGISTRATION—The Union keeps an accurate index of all men who register at its Paris headquarters or at its London Branch, 16 Pall Mall East, S. W. 1. It is anxious to get in touch with all college and university men in Europe, who

ADAMS EXPRESS

= PARIS OFFICE = 28, Rue du Quatre-Septembre.

Every Banking Facility for American Expeditionary Forces MONEY TRANSFERRED BY CABLE AND MAIL

> TO ALL PARTS OF AMERICA AND CANADA Mail us your Pay Checks endorsed to our order.

WE OPEN DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS WITH YOU FREE OF CHARGE, SUPPLYING CHECK-BOOKS.



AMERICAN OFFICERS Direct-or through their AGENTS behind the lines with every necessary

OVERCOATS IMPERMEABLES TRENCH CAPS INSIGNIA etc., etc.

REASONABLE PRICES.

Holding Stocks of Burberry Goods.

reuilles. LANGRES—Prudent-May, Rue Diderot. RANCY—Mittegled, Rue du Pent-Mauja Bella Jardinière. NANTES—Delplance, 15 Rue Crébillon.

TOURS—Edwin, 10 Avenue de Gram-ment.

8 RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS (Royal Palace Hotel)

OBJECTS—The general object of the Union is to meet the needs of American university and college men and their friends who are in Europe for military or other service in the cause of the Afiles.

It provides at moderate cost a home with the privileges of a simple club for these men when passing through Parls or on leave.

It aids institutions, parents, or friends to secure information about college men, reporting onessualties, visiting the sick and wounded, giving advice, and in general serving as means of communication between those at home and their relatives in service.

HEADQUARTERS—On October 20, 1917, the Union took over as its Parls headquarters the Royal Palace Hotel, of which it has the exclusive use. This centrally located hotel is one block from the Louvre and the Palais Royal station of the Metro, from which all parls of the city may be reached quickly and cheaply.

The Loung Room is supplied with all the leading American newspapers, magazines and accilege publications. The rapidly growing Library on the first floor provides fiction and serious reading, both French and English, as well as a large number of valuable reference books on the war and other subjects. Stationery is provided in the Writing Room on the ground floor. A Canteen in the Lobby carries cigarettes and tobacco, toilet articles, candies and a variety of other useful things. An information Bureau is maintained in the Union Offices on the Entresol.

The Stars and Stripes.

The official publication of the

American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' commany funds.

profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.
Editorial: Guy T. Viskniskki, 2nd Lieut. Inf., N.A.; Charles P. Cushing, 2nd Lieut. U.S.M.C.R.; Hudson Hawley, Pvt., M.G.Bn.; A. A. Wallgren, Pvt., U.S.M.C. Advertising: William K. Michael, 1st Lieut. Inf., U.S.R.
Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 4 francs for three months. To civilians, 5 francs

three months. To civilians, 5 francs

for three months. All advertising contracts payable weekly.

Address all communications relating to advertising and all other business matters, except subscriptions, to THE STARS AND tions, to THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, 10, Rue

Sainte-Anne, Paris, France.
Address all communications relating to text, art, and subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division, G.H.Q., A.E.F.,

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1918.

TEAM MATES

The United States is in this war for good and sufficient reasons of its own. good and sufficient reasons of its own.
Its aim is to lick Germany. To lick
Germany quickly and thoroughly it
must work in complete harmony with
its Allies. Therefore, any man who,
by word or thought or implication, seeks to destroy that harmony is doing his part in messing the job of the United States and therefore in prolonging the

England's purpose in this war is sinere and honorable. So is France's. So is Japan's. So is Italy's. So—God knows!—is Belgium's. So it is with all

our other Allies.

We know all this, but there will be those who will come amongst us and hint in an underhanded way that such is not the case. They will tell us that we are fighting England's battle, France's battle, Siam's battle, Liberia's battle—any hattle but our own. They will ask us, for example, why we, who fought two wars against England, are found on her side today. They will ask us why we are over here in Europe at all, butting in on a fight that doesn't

The answer to all such questioners and insinuators is this: We are over here to fight the battle of the United States, first, last and all the time. If, in fighting that battle, we help other nations to fight theirs, all right; for they in their turn will help us—as they have helped us in the past—to fight ours We are here as members of a team, and it is only by team work with our Allies, the other members of that team, that we shall win out. Anybody who, by open word or insinuation, questions the integrity of our Allies thereby questions our own. If he is their enemy, he is ours, and should be dealt with as such.

Trying to promote dissension among the Allies is the main object of German propaganda today, as it has been for some time. Germany knows well the motto of one of our own States, "United we stand, divided we fall," and is therewe stand, when we ran, and is therefore seeking to divide us. The only way to meet that propaganda is to nail, and nail hard and quick, the spreader of it. Whether he is sowing it of his own accord or repeating it second hand makes no difference, for he is thereby playing our enemy's game. And there is an ugly word of two syllables coined expressly to describe such a man.

OUR FIRST "C. O."

He knew no compromise with ty-ranny. He knew there could be no peace for his country based on such a com-promise. He had pacifiets to bother him in his day, did George Washington. He had to contend—as we have not—with traitors in high military place. He had to deal with those whose love of a foreign country was greater than that they owed to the land of their birth and upbringing. But he steered his course, he kept the faith in democracy that was his, and he saw his fight through, for seven long years and more heavy he kerny his course was just because he knew his cause was just

most human, one of the most simple Sen and unassuming Christian gentlemen fiers! that has ever graced our country's roll of honor. He never spared himroll of nonor. He never spared nim-self when danger or fatigue was to be encountered. He was just, and hu-mane. That is why men followed him over icy roads, with bleeding feet, with

returned to his beloved Mt. Vernon, be-home who are backing him and the side the banks of the Potomac. And whole army of which he is a part with there, less than a year ago, the spiritual their hopes and prayers and taxes and

Pioning.

He is with us today, in spirit, is in the world to the anxious watchers in He is with us today, in spirit, is in the world to the anxious waterers in George Washington, for we are fighting the States.

A man has not dicharged his whole fending human liberty against military duty to the nation by allowing the natyranny, helping to make the world duty to the nation by allowing the natyranny, helping to make the world to feed, clothe and arm him and transport him to France. One of his from a mob into an instrument of vic-tory. The United States Army, like the Newspaper correspondents help greatly United States Senate, is a body of con- in keeping the people back home in-

army in the world. army in the world.

From the Abode of all good and clean fighting-men who have departed from this world, we may be sure that, as we celebrate the anniversary of his birth this year, George Washington looks down and is well pleased. He sees the infant nation of his day transformed into a mighty force for the betterment of the mighty force for the betterment of the count of the things he encounters. Those people at home have made many sacrification of the sure the perfect the service to the representatives are rendering the Cause.

HOW DO YOU SALUTE?

It is an old story, which most of us mighty force for the betterment of the world and the furtherance of the ideals to which he dedicated his great life. He sees that nation lined up in battle array side by side with his ancient ally, France, endeavoring to its utmost to re-pay France for the precious aid which La Fayette and the Comte de Rocham-

beau rendered him in his struggle.

But, even beyond that, he sees, in the same line of battle, the forces of the new England, the democratized England, the liberty-loving England which we may now hail with pride and affection as our Mother-Country. And because he knows that his struggle and that of his compatriots was one of the stormerly of the Thirtieth Infantry, National Army:

"When an enlisted man, a lieuteant, a captain, a colonel, a general salutes his superior, he says by this act, 'I will obey you'; and the smartness with that new and democratized and enlightened England—that in fighting America's fight he was also fighting the battle for English liberalism—he beholds with joy the reunion of the race. He glories in the realization that time and mutual understanding have healed the wounds of the old war. And he exults in every fibre of his fine old liberty-loving soul to see the two nations carryloring on his work in concert. For George Washington, before he became commander-in-chief of the Continental mander-in-chief of the Continental mander-in-chief of the Continental mander-in-chief of the Continental mander-in-chief of the Continental with that thought in mind, want to loving soul to see the two nations carrying on his work in concert. For George Washington, before he became commander-in-chief of the Continental army, was an officer of British colonial forces, and helped in clearing the pathway of civilization for the white men in the new land. Now he sees the two armies he served presenting a united front against the common enemy of civ-

There is much to think of, much to be thankful for, upon this anniversary of the birth of the man who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen"-as he was, is, and always will be!

THE URGE TO POESY

Not so very long ago an American peet who really ought to be better known (his name is Richard Hovey and he died in 1900) summed it up this way: Three secrets that never were said:

The stir of the moth in the spring,

The stir of the moth in the spring,
The desire of a man for a maid,
The urge of the poet to sing."
With the first three we are not particularly concerned. The spring isn't here yet, for one thing, and the authorities differ as to when it will be. The second needs no explanation. The third,—ah, that's the one that puzzles us! Why is it that a man who was a as: Why is that a man who was a paying teller or a housepainter or a dog-catcher in civilian life becomes, the minute he dons khaki, a fervent would be poet possessed of a highly irrepressible urge?

To be sure, an American soldier, if inclined to take serious thought, has about the most wonderful theme in the about the most wonderful theme in the world to adorn with real poetic treatment—a nation, seeking no material advantage for itself, going to war that the world may be forever rid of tyranny and the consequent menace of future wars. But it's seldom he tackles so lofty them. Unwilly be contents himself a theme. Usually he contents himself with putting into verse the new and inwith putting into verse the new and in-teresting thoughts that come to him from his contact with a country and a civilization which have hitherto been a closed book to him; in jotting down rhymes about his bunkmates, his offi-cers, his chow, his drill,—in short, all about this great life of soldiering. Us-nelly he it said he does a pretty good nally, he it said, he does a pretty good job of it, for the poetry that gets close to the everyday realities of existence is far more apt to live and thrive than is the poetry which deals with abstract the poetry which dea virtues and principles.

virtues and principles.
For our own part, we hope the American soldier will not hold in his poetic urge as closely as he holds in his chin at "'Ten-Shun!" It's nothing to be ashamed of, that desire to "bust into song;" everybody's felt it at some time or another, and has felt better for giving in to it. And, the chances are, if

Send 'em along then, you Amex versi-fiers! THE STARS AND STRIPES country's wants to see your warbles.

THAT LETTER BACK HOME

self when danger or fatigue was to be encountered. He was just, and humane. That is why men followed him over icy roads, with bleeding feet, with scanty rations and scantier ammunition—to victory!

He sought nothing for himself. Had he but nodded his head, he might have been military dictator—king—of the country he had saved and the nation he had helped to establish. But, his two terms of the presidency concluded, he returned to his beloved Mt. Vernon. be home who are backing him and the descendant of the Tory statesmen who voluntary contributions. Even if it is had sought to subdue him came, with bared head, to pay tribute to his zeal for liberty, his devotion to its championing.

sweeter and fairer to live in and work in. We are his army just as much as most important duties, once he is landsd it tall was that tattered band of Continentals, here, is to keep the people nearest and here, is to keep the people nearest and dearest to him informed of his well-from the management of his will to clad in motley uniforms, earrying mot- dearest to him informed of his well-ley weapons, which he transformed being, of his progress, of his will to

tinuous existence; and the army of formed, but they cannot cover every which we are members is the same, in unit, they cannot relate the particulars spirit and purpose and continuity, as of every individual case. Every man that which Washington commanded It must be the correspondent—the presshas never gone to war save on behalf agent, if need be—for his own family of human liberty, and it has never been circle. No newspaper story, however defeated. It has therefore the proudest heritage—and cleanest record—of any take the place of his own, personal activations are the contractions of the contraction of take the place of his own, personal ac-count of the things he encounters. Those people at home have made many sacri-

It is an old story, which most of us of the A. E. F. have heard from everyof the A. E. F. have heard from every-body over us from the "top" up or down, as our rank may be. It is this business of saluting—this very neces-sary business of saluting. There have sary business of saluting. There have been talks about it, and things written about it, but the best thing on the sub-ject that has yet come to the attention of THE STARS AND STRIPES is this,

most vital factors in the upbuilding of that new and democratized and enlightened England—that in fighting Ameri-

with that thought in mind, want to put ourselves down before the public as

sloppy fighters?
The moral is plain.

"GAS-ALERT!"

Guilty people are always superstitious. Look it the Germans—how they knock on Wood! It is to be hoped that the Government, weather stations soon to be installed here will not be manued by any of those "prophets" of the 1916 Presidential election.

Artists back home who draw pictures of us (as we are supposed to look) are doing rather better these days. The last portrait of a "Sammy" (ves. they still call us that!) to come into THE STARS AND STRIPES office had every detail of the uniform right except the buttons, the pockets, the collar ornaments, the belt, the putts, and the hat. The trousers, at least, were correct. That is some improvement.

ment.

The more one sees and hears of the American troops over here, the more one is inclined to believe that the United States would surely be up against it if Ireland were to make a separate peace.

That A.E.F. cold storage plant somewhere in France is, to our minds, the proper place to put the company bugler who always is late on blowing recall from drill and always early on blowing reveille.

"You will realize, as I think statesmen on both sides of the water realize, that the culminating crisis in the struggle has come, and that the achievements of this year on one side or the other must determine the issue."—
President Wilson to the Farmers' Congress at Urbana, Ill. rbana, Ill.

The farmers will do their part, we feel sure Meanwhile it is up to us, also, to make hay.

Now that second-lieutenants are wearing gold bars on their shoulders it is up to someone in authority to propose mahogany bars for sergeant. Yes, and ivory bars for certain corporals! And—yes, again!—reinforced concrete bars for some privates that we know! And—oh, yes—bars of soap for all of us!

The National Guard of Hawaii is the only portion of that once famous organization not now mobilized. We Americans are far too tender-hearted. Think of turning loose all those ukelele players on the Boche!

those ukelele players on the Boche!

"How are the Americans off for officers?
Mr. Baker says they had 9,000 officers of all rauks in April of last year, but that they now have 110 000. That is truly an American masterpiece of accomplishment—to sew epaulettes on a hundred thousand men and call them officers!"—Colonel Gaedke, in the Bremerzeilung.

It is not perfectly conceivable, Herr Oberst, that America may have had 110,000 men fit to be officers in April, in addition to the 9,000 already commissioned? You may remember what Napoleon the Great had to say about Marshals' battons in knapsaces!

On the whole, the announcement that Mr.

and righteous.

He was a stern man, a cold man in his military dealings, a strict disciplinarian. Reward, he was one of the law that he writes he will also want to have other plinarian. Reward, he was one of the have his work printed.

Sieves are reported to be very scarce in the Scandinavian contries. To relieve the shortage, we might send the good people some of the roofing from the barracks which the engineers put up for us. engineers put up for us.

AS WE KNOW THEM THE GENERAL

He wears a cord of shining gold, a collar decked with stars
To show he is the fav'rite son of Mister J. H.

show ne is the same and shap up tumble out the guard for him, and shap up

Because he's been a Dad to us, we all swear he's a beaut!

He rolls around the country in a big, high-powered car And chins with other Generals, who come from Then back into his office, where he works till

A-planning and a-planning how he's going to make his fight. He never has to walk a post, or scrub the cookshack pans.
But he has won a harder job than any other

late at night

through the muck,
But if his plans go woozy,
o' luck!

He doesn't work with bayonet,

He doesn't work with bayonet, or gun or hand grenade;
But all the same, his life is not one grand, long dress parade;
He has to lie awake at night, and fuss with maps all day,
And that's the reason why his thatch is prematurely gray.
It takes all kinds of fighting men to give the Boche the pip,
From doughboys up to colonels; but the Gen'ral has the grip.
On all the whole darn shooting-match; and, since he knows his game,
We'll following him through hell and back, and

We'll following him through hell and back, and never mind the flame!

PEACE PRELIMINARIES -By Charles Dana Gibson



Reproduced by courtesy of "Life."

A DOUGHBOY'S LETTER TO KAISER WILHELM

lam, Pless, Berlin, and other places:

The other day I came across a reported speech of yours in one of a bunch of papers from back home, in which you inquired—as if you really wanted to know—why we Americans were over here. In this speech you said you didn't see what business it was of ours to be over here at all, and you intimated that you didn't think that any of us knew why we were pitted against you and your kind.

But, although I suspect you know pretty well what brought us here, I am going to do what very few people now-adays care to do—take you at your word; and give you the information you say you want. A cat may look at a king, and I rather guess an American doughboy may write to an emperor.

So, here goes.

We are against you and your kind be

You planned and plotted and worked for this war for a quarter of a century and more, knowing full well what mis ery it would bring, knowing full well how many lives it would sacrifice, but caring not a bit as long as it brought you and your kind the power you ought.

You had it within your power to arbitrate the Serbian-Austrian controvers at the outhreak of this war and thus reserve the people of Europe; and you passed it up.

You held the insufferable Austrian reply to Serbia, which Serbia could not have complied with except by giving up her nationality. for fourteen hours, with her nationality, for fourteen hours, with An increase in the rational allowance of power to change or modify it so that Serbia might accept, and war be avert ed; then you let it be released, and backed it up.

You invaded, with fire, sword, and iron heel, a country whose neutrality you were sworn to respect—Belgium.

In Belgium and Northern France yo visited upon the natives such crimes as would make the tortures practiced by savage tribesmen seem tame by com parison.

By your orders fathers of families were lined up against walls and shot in the sight of their offspring.

Nursing mothers were hacked about the body, and their children impaled on

bayonets.
Young girls were forced into a condi-

tion worse than slavery, worse than death—and then branded with the red cross of Prussian shame.

Young men and old were deported from their native land, to work for you as no better than slaves, at miserable wages, while fed on insufficient food.

Children in arms were left to perish without nourishment, and those of less tender age were left to shift for them

To Wilhelm Hohenzollern, of Pots their mothers—as in the case of the considerable proportion of our population am, Pless, Berlin, and other places: Lusitania. to rise against the rest of us. You instructed the commanders

your submarines even to fire upon the crews and passengers of torpedoed ships while they were in open boats, in heavy seas. On land, you revived the horrible

practice of crucifixion, and applied it to prisoners of war.

You practiced other multilation and disfigurement upon prisoners.

You incited your non-Christian allies the Turks, to massacre thousands upon thousands of helpless Armenian and Syrian Christians. You lent yourself to a deliberate cam

paign of murder, rape and pillage in Serbia, the better to handicap that in vaded country in rehabilitating itself.

In diplomacy, you, through your foreign minister, openly urged Mexico and Japan, two countries with which our nation was at peace, to make war

You tried to poison our press, our Congress, our public men with your lies about our present Allies. You set up a corruption fund of \$50,000,000 for the subversion of the legislative department of our government.

You organized strikes, formented plots tried in every way to cripple peaceful industry in our own country. You attempted, on a large scale, to incite a

You ordered us to keep off the high seas under pain of being torpedoed—unless we followed your degrading and ridiculous instructions as to the manner of mathematical particles and solutions and the solutions and solutions are solutions and solutions are solutions and solutions and solutions are solutions as solutions are solutions and solutions are solutions and solutions are solutions as solutions are solutions and solutions are solutions and solutions are solutions are solutions. of marking and sending our ships.

In short, you have, for the last three years and a half, spared neither men, women nor innocent children in your scheme of making war—you have preached 'frightfulness' everywhere and verywhere you have practiced what you have preached.

You have blasphemously proclaimed food to be your ally, and have exhorted your troops to maim, burn, rape and kill "in the name of the good old German God." You have made God out to be a god of cruelty and oppression, even as the savages have—whereas, we know that our God is God of lava and of that our God is a God of love and of freedom.

You have poisoned wells indeed, in the occupied districts of Northern France; but, even worse than that, you have poisoned the wells of truth for the entire world.

That, in brief, is why we are over That, in brief, is why we are over here—that is why we are against you. That is why we will, in concert with the other civilized nations of the world have at you until your power to work such woe is no more. And not until that has been done will we go home.

AN AMERICAN DOUGHBOY.

MENTIONED IN ORDERS

RATIONS FOR THE TRENCHES

authorized, up to the end of March, as follows:
Coffee, 50 per cent; sugar, 33 1-3 per cent;
matches, 50 per cent.

It is also stipulated that canned soups be
substituted for the meat component of the
ration, when practicable, on a basis of two
ounces of soup for one ounce of meat. These
regulations hold good for the months from
November to March, inclusive, in future.

SAVING OIL AND GASOLINE

Chauffeurs and others engaged in caring for the automobiles of the A.E.F. are warned that necessity exists for the strictest economy in the use of gasoline and oil. Accordingly, the strictest observance of the following rules is enjoined upon all persons responsible for the operation and maintenance of motor vehicles:

(a) Under no circumstances will gasolin be used to clean motors or vehicles.

be used to clean motors or vehicles.

(b) The use of motor transportation for other than military purposes is strictly forbidden.

(c) Carburetors will be kept adjusted so that the maximum efficiency is derived from the minimum expenditure for fuel.

(d) Motors of vehicles not running will not

be allowed to run longer than one minute (e) Drastic disciplinary action will be taken in every case of violation of this order.

LIBERTY BOND PAYMENTS

tender age were left to shift for themselves, in a shell-wrecked, flame-ridden country.

Property of individuals was seized without compensation, and turned over to you and yours for use in continuing your warfare.

On the high seas you instituted the practice of sinking without warning the vessels of non-combatants, sending to a watery grave both little children and selves.

LIBERTY BOND PAYMENTS

An allotter may transfer Liberty Bonds before payment of full purchase price, but remains liable to the Government accepts without compensation, and turned over to you and yours for use in continuing your warfare.

All persons who subscribed to the Second Liberty Loan under the allotment plan, and who are paid on individual pay accounts, are paid that the amount of the allotment plan, and who are paid on individual pay accounts, are continuing the charged on the pay accounts for the month ending fully 31, 1918, should be 4.75 for each full purchase price, but remains liable to the Government accepts will be sent overland.

More Fuel Lallowed

On account of the Inclement weather, and the fact that the majority of the troops of the AE.F. are quartered in temporary and watery grave both little children and nounced. All organization commanders are

directed to make the necessary notation on the retained form of allotments made by members retained form of allotments made by members of their organization for the purchase of Second Liberty Loan bonds, and on which the tenth allotment is given \$8.75. to show that such tenth allotment is \$4.75. In addition, all disbursing officers who make payment of accounts on which are entered charges for allotment due for the purchase of Second Liberty Loan bonds will exercise care that the tenth allotment provides for a deduction of \$4.75 for each \$50 bond. It will not be necessary that a new allotment form be made out to cover this change.

COURT-MARTIAL FORFEITS

COURT-MARTIAL FORFEITS
That portion of an enlisted man's pay required to be alloted to dependents is beyond the power of courts-martial to forfelt, because it has been otherwise disposed of by Congress. The remaining portion, being subject absolutely to disposition by the enlisted man, is subject also to forfeiture by sentence of courts-martial. Consequently the enlisted man's pay must be disposed of so as to satisfy:—

(a) The compulsory allotment (b) Obligations to the Government, including fines and forfeitures.

(c) Voluntary allotments.

The only exception to the foregoing rules is that men absent from duty under the provisions of General Orders 45. War Department, includences.

TO OWNERS OF HORSES

TO OWNERS OF HORSES

Although the War Department has been Although the War Department has been requested to stop the shipment of private mounts abroad, it is provided that all private mounts now in France may be retained by their owners as long as the circumstances of the service permit. It is further stipulated that, upon change of station, private mounts will be sent overland.

KHAKI-CLAD REPORTER TELLS HIS OWN STORY

The Censor Hampers His Style, and the Bugle Routs Him Out Early-but Not Always Bright

By A PRIVATE

"Show a leg!"

At hearing this raucous command of the sergeant in charge of quarters, about 6:20 a.m., I open one eye, wearily, oh, so wearily, and reach for a fag. The fag firmly fixed in my face, I proceed to hunt for trousers, sox, and the other essentials to a correct appearance at reveille, twenty minutes later. At the command "Outside ev-a-body" I jump into rubber boots (for I never can get enough time to wind those spirals and adjust those glove-fitting shoes before roll call), throw on an overcoat, and beat it for the door. Once outside, I stand shivering at attention while the Top, in accents meek and mild, reads off a list of some 170 odd names.

In short, I am one of the gang, I am of the army, armily, whether a reporter is uniform or not. And though I entor uniform or not.

In short, I am one of the gang, I am of the army, armily, whether a reporter in uniform or not. And though I enjoy it, and wouldn't be anywhere else for the world, and though army reporting is a lot more interesting than even divorce court covering, it is a lot different from reporting for a paper back home. I often think of that when I am standing out there in line, waiting for the Top to get through with the four syllable names and get down to mine; and the comparison between those days and these never fails to make me laugh.

Perhaps it may make you laugh, too. Want to hear about it? All right; here goes:

goes:

A reporter in cits' clothes knows no taps. If the city editor started to check him up on the hours when he got home at night, he would think the city ed. crazy, and would walk in with a kick to the Old Man. To be sure, reporters on evening papers have to selfumose some sort of a reveille so as to got to their offices somewhere near on time in the morning; but they are universally pitted, and more often than not unjustly scorned by their brethren of the morning paper persuasion. justly scorned by their morning paper persuasion.

And They Call it a Hard Day!

And They Call it a Hard Day!
On a morning paper, though, a metropolitan paper where conditions are pretty fairly typical, the day goes something like this: The reporter wakes up sometime before noon, bathes, shaves and shines at his leisure, growls over the copy of the paper before him at the way they have cut his stuff, and lunches at his ease. The leisurely luncheon out of the way, he gets on the 'phone.
"Hello, Desk." he drawls. "Anything for me right away?"
"Nope," says Friend Desk. "Not just now. Call up again in an hour or two, and if we haven't anything for you then, just take a roll down here and sit in on a game."

(Fan you imagine calling up the Skin.

then, just take a following between the in on a game."

Can you imagine calling up the Skipper or the Top just before drill time, and getting an answer like that? You can—like you-know-what!

getting in answer her hart. For suppose, just to keep up appearances, the civilian reporter does drop into the office about—with accent on the about—the time he is supposed to begin work in the afternoon. He hangs around a while, reading exchanges, playing pinochle with the day assistant Dosk or matching pennies with the office boy. The Dosk may ask him to take a short story from some district man on the end of a 'phone, or may send him out to call on Mrs. Suffering Catts to know what is the matter with the internal management of the Animal Rescue League. That done, it is usually eats time; and if it is in a big town and the winter diuner season is on, the chances are the Dosk calls him over and chances are the Desk calls him over and

This They Call a Hard Night!

"Blank, here's a ticket to the annual banquet of the Society for the Suppres-sion of Original Sin, up at the Saved-off. You can eat there if you want to, but if you don't you can go to a showoff. You can eat there if you want to but if you don't you can go to a show-Ned will fix up a seat for you—and just drop in for the buil. We're full of adstonight, so don't make it over a half a col., and try to get back here along about eleven o'clock. If it's late and there's anything hot, just 'phone it. General —— is down for the last speaker, but hell! You can quote bim without having to stay for him. He can't talk about anything but preparedness, so just say in your story that he talked on that. Professor —— may spring something hot if he makes an ass of himself, but if he doesn't, don't bother to quote him. That's all."

The civillan reporter has one thing in common with the army reporter: When he gets orders he says, "Yes, sir." But that is about the only thing he has in common. The army reporter salutes after saying "Yes, sir." or simultaneously with it; the civilian reporter would as soon he seen on the street without his cane and gloves than he would be seen saluting anybody.

To go back to that night's work, as

his cane and gloves than he would be seen saluting anyhody.

To go back to that night's work, as laid out by the besk. The civilian reporter, after having dined well and looked in on a couple of acts of a lively show, strolls into the grand ballroom (or "bullroom," as it is known in the trade) of the Sawedoff, right up in front to the press table, just in time to ring. trade) of the Savenon Lines of the press table. Just in time to ring in on the coffee, liqueurs and cigars. He nods casually to the two or three prominent clergymen at the speakers' table, is slapped on the back by an ex-President of the United States, pokes a couple of Scuators in the ribs, and was an airy "Hullo, General!" to the guest of honor (whom he doesn't intend to listen to). Then he takes his place with Lis fellow scribes and starts in to draw thumbnail sketches of Professor—who, he confidently hopes, will make an ass of himself, and so please the Desk. the press table, just in time to ring

How the Mighty Lose Out

The speakers begin. They say nothing. They never do—that is, the early ones. About eleven o'clock the Assistant Night

Desk, getting a ring, hears something like this:
"Hello, Night Desk? Blank calling—
8.8.0.8. dinner. Nothing doing, General — hasn't talked yet, but you can quote him as saying that we have got to adopt universal service if we are to hold our place among the nations of the world. He always says that, and he looks as if he had it on his chest tonight, too. Prof. — didn't say much; just took a fling at some pacifist colleagues of his—not much pepper in it. Wanna gimme a rewrite man for it?"
"Nove." retorts the Assistant Night

gimme a rewrite man for it?"

"Nope," retorts the Assistant Night Desk, wearly. "Gotta jam on tonight, and can't handle it. Forget it, and kangs up. But, instead of going home. ""Thanks," says the reporter, and hangs up. But, instead of going home consorts with those of his kind who are homeless, takes off his cost, and demands a stack of chips and a stein. If he gets to bed before 3 a.m., he is original to the point of being peculiar.

And he calls that a day's work.

Nothing like that in army reporting.

No, Sir! In the first place, there are no graft assignments, no dinners, no art exhibits, dog shows, pink teas, orworder of wonders!—no Allied Bazaars, in the second place, there are no easily obtained interviews with the great and the near great. To get an interview for a metropolitan paper, the civilian reporter usually just sends in his card. The army reporter, having no card, has to talk to an orderly, a sergeant major, an adjutant, a chief of staff—if he is going that far—before being admitted: and each time he has to repeat his message, stand attention, salute, and keep to the third person. It's a lot better for him to do it that way, at that; he doesn't get the swelled head that, it is to be feared, is one of the most frequent possessions of the civilian reporter who has been about a bit.

No More Kidding the Colonel No. Sir! In the first place, there are no

No More Kidding the Colonel

No More Kidding the Colonel

The ex-regular reporter who goes into
the army reporting game renounces once
and for all the privilege of kidding the
Colonel. The colonels he was used to in
civil life most got their titles from being on governors' staffs, or by coming
from the Mint Beit of the south. Not
so with the army colonels he has to interview; they are the real thing.

"The real thing." Perhaps that's, after
all, the main difference between the newspaper game back home and the game
as it is played for an army newspaper
over here. Back there, talk about preharedness, for example, was abstract;
and, uttered as it was over groaning
hanquet boards, it seemed far away and
unreal. Over here one is reporting real,
concrete preparedness, and not just one
man's idea of it. Then, too, with pacifists and all the other pests of a reportcr's life; one could guy their speeches
over there because they seemed to be fists and all the other pests of a report-er's life; one could guy their speeches over there, because they seemed to be such harmless, soft-brained folk. But over here? One has no patience with them or their mouthings. The reporter who, after a taste of work on a paper gotten out by the army, for the army, went back to his old work in an American city would certainly look at lots of things from very different angles.

No "Where? When? How?

No "Where? When? How?

The big difference, though, is in the question of accuracy. "Where did it happen?" Is the first thing the City Editor used to ask about a fire or an accident. You told him. "Put it in the story." he would add, if you were green on the job. Over here, while the City Editor-in-Shoulder-Straps would like to know, for his own information, where a thing happened, he doesn't add, "Put it in the story." Not by a long shot; he isn't in the bustness of giving information to the cnemy. Neither—for the same reason—is he particularly concerned with time or date; which again makes quite a difference. But it's all in the game, and it's all very necessary that it should be so.

There are no free theater passes for

be so.

There are no free theater passes for army reporters, because there are no theaters in the Zone of the Advance, except the Theater of War. There are no season tickets to the ball games, for there is no baseball schedule. There are no days off, and there is no such thing as a raise or a bonus for a big story put over. But in spite of all those hitherto expected things, reporting in uniform is a great game, if you don't weaken.

Condiment Can-4 2 onnces tin Cup-5.5 ounces a ince of other metal. -1.5 ounces metal.

Front Sight Cover-2 ounces iron and eel. Gun Sling—1 ounce brass, 7 ounce ather. Haversack—1.8 ounces brass, 24 ounces

Kuife—1 ounce iron and steel, 0.7 Meat Can—0.3 ounce iron and steel, 2 ounces aluminum, 0.1 ounce other

motal.

Oiler and Thong Case—1.5 ounces brass and 1.5 ounces leather.

Pack Carrier—0.3 ounce iron and steel, to ounces cotton and 1 ounce leather.

Pouch of First Aid Packet—0.3 ounce brass and 1.6 ounces cotton.

Rifle—107 ounces iron and steel, and counces wood.

Shovel—25 ounces iron and steel, and ounces wood.

Shovel Carriers-5 onnces cotton.

Spoon-1.7 ounces metal. The metal used in the bullet is a lead and tin composition inclosed in a jacket of cupro-nickel.—N. Y. Sun.

'ROUTE STEP - HRRCH!" (A Medley)

"What was it, Sarge? Couldn't hear him!" (This in a whisper.)
"Route step, you boob! Go ahead and light up!"
"Aw-right! Aw-right! Wha'll we sing, Dinny? Oh, I know! 'All We Do Is Sign the Pay Roll'—mebbe he'll take

the tip!" tip!"

(Everybody.)

"All we do is sign the payroll,
All we do is sign the pay roll,
All we do is sign the pay roll,
And we never get a gol-dern cent!"

First, they make us make allotments, Then they make us take insurance. Then they fine us in court-marrer-shul. So we never get a gol-dern cent!"

So we never get a gol-dern cent!"

(By this time the head of the column has started a song of its own, the middle of the column is on something else, while the tail-enders are trying out their voices on something else again. The result is something like this):

"Oh, the minstrels sing of an ancient king of many years ago—On the rocky road to Dublin, we were swinging along, we were swinging along—Pity a soldier in Roston's great city—Drunk last night and drunk the night before—The engineers they wag their ears above the hills and drunk the night before—The engineers they wag their ears above the hills and ditches—Oh, won't you come up, come up,—The infantry, the infantry, with mud behind their ears, they'll lick their weight in wildents and drink their weight in beers—s."

Then—(all together)—
"Wake up in the morning at the sound or rev-vul-lee,
I looks at the Skipper, and the Skipper looks at me;
The Skipper says, 'You ain't worth a

The Skipper says, 'You ain't worth a For you're only a rookie and belong to

Uncle Sam! Uncle Sain:
Then it's home, boys, home; it's home
we long to be—
Home, boys, home,—in North Amerikee!
We'll hang old Glory—

"Cheese it! He's comin' down the line!" (Silence.) "Left-right, left-right, left-right; left-right" (verbal camonflage by file-closers), "hup, hup, hup-hup-hup! One, two, three, four—ONE, two. Oue. two, three, four — O THREE, four!"
"All right! He's beat it up!

Down in the guardhouse, waiting my discharge,
To hell with the sergeant and the corp'rl
of the guard!"

"Cheese it, Micky; here he

BEAUTY HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

By BRAN MASH

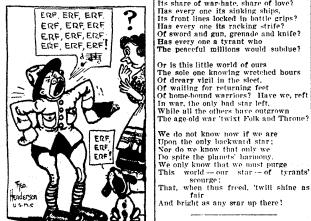
Ears, except those of the cauliflower variety, should be neatly dusted with a wet gun rag every day, and be kept at the alert position when the Top is reading off orders and kitchen details. They should be carefully covered in cold weather to avoid freezing, and, if frost-nipped, should be vigorously rubbed with mud or snow, whichever is handler at the time. They should be protected by drums and absorbent cotton when employed within the inmediate vicinity of the heavy artillery, so as to conserve their usefullness for employment in listening posts up front.

Hair is being worn much shorter this season for the simple reason that it is easier to take care of that way, and that it does not lead itself to colonization quite so rapidly when clipped close. With the new Overseas cap, no many should complain of having contracted a hendcoid after his visit to the company barber. The Overseas cap may be worn all day when the tin helmet is not required, and at night may be replaced by the Red Cross knit helmet or an extra large sock.

Mustaches are absolutely essential to the social success, in exclusive French circles, of all members of the A.E.F. One should not, however, attempt to copy the trellis and formal garden designs of the native mustache. One should be content with the near-English, or toothbrush variety. The way the program is laid out for our troops Ears, except those of the cauliflower ariety, should be neatly dusted with a

the program is laid out for our troops

A NEWCOMER IN FRANCE-



at present, no man will have time to care for a large mustache as it should properly be cared for. It is well to re member that a mustache, to an American or Englishman, is only an incident to a Frenchman, it is a career.

can or Englishman, is only an incident: to a Frenchman, it is a career.

Mutton chop whiskers, while affected still by some of our British cousins both on the stage and off, have not yet become popular with members of the A.E.F., nor are they likely to be so in future. They are reserved for the exclusive use of somewhat Anglicized ambulance and Red Cross men and for itinerant members of investigating committees on morals.

The human face, which has been issued by Nature to almost every member of the A.E.F. at one time or another, can be best kept in condition, now that spring is coming on, by shaving in cold water. This may sound like harsh treatment, but it is none the less good advice. Shaving in cold watermakes for ruddy checks, clean complexion, and ease in adjusting gasmasks. For the latter reason, shavers should be particularly careful to cut a clean swathe about the chin.

The gas mask, being an indispensable adjunct of correct attire up front, has done away, in large measure, with the military beard as worn by Grant, Lee. Sherman, and other prominent Americans of the past. The beard may still be worn by officers behind the lines—if they dare—but is fast going out of date. For enlisted men, its use is restricted to veterans of the Revolutionary, 1812. Mexican, Seminole Indiana and Civil wars who may still be serving in the ranks. who may still be serving in the

in the winter season particularly, they found it hard to obtain baths. For the found it hard to obtain baths. For the same reason, the American doughboy sojourning in France during the winter and near-winter season may be permitted an indulgence in perfume of all descriptions which, if practiced in the States, would earn for him sucial ostracism. As long, however, as mess sergrants continue to permeate all their dainty offerings with the aroma of the succulent onion, and as long as the Borhe insists on fumigating cur clothes, hair and accountements with chlorine gas, the odors of perfume will never become really offensive to the American beak.

Noses should be worn plain, without

rails that you feel they must like the country. It's just as if they'd rolled right out of the Loco works back home and had come right across the Atlantic under their own power.

again!" (More silence, punctuated by an occasional "left-right, left-right!")

"The COM-missioned officers, they are a—"

"CHEESE IT, I tell you, Jimmy! He was right in back of you when you started that! Lay-off, for Pete's sake!"

("He" proceeds forward. Gradually

local. When not in active use, noses should be deeply burled in improving literature—and never in foam!

Noses should be worn plain, without can't say loss. Save where the roseate hue may be legitimately traced to sunburn. They should the promoter, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—tif it does. One may decorate ones nose with talcum powder, if one's squad mates will stand for it. This is often point. When not in active use, noses should be deeply burled in improving literature—and never in foam!

Noses should be worn plain, without can't should be powdered, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—tif it does. One may decorate one's nose with talcum powder, if one's squad mates will stand for it. This is often point. When not in active use, noses should be deeply burled in improving literature—and never in foam!

Noses should be worn plain, without can't say say where the roseate hue may be legitimately traced to sunburn. They should the tregion, after the mud leaves it—tif it does. Noses should be worn plain, without powder, if one's squad mates will stand for it. This is often powdered, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—to the powdered, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—to the powdered, if at all, with the light dust of the region, after the mud leaves it—to the powdered to never the roseate hue may be legitimately acceptable to the subclusters and the powdered to sunburn. They should be accept the roseate hue may be legitimately traced

He was right in back of you when you started that! Lay-off, for Pete's sake!" ("He" proceeds forward. Gradually the various platoons get disintegrated again, and off they go.)

"Huckleberry Finn, if I were Huckleberry Finn, I'd do the things he'd do. I'd be a kid again!—Glawry, glawry balleloogooo-yah! — One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back—I downna be a so-oldjer; ys should I fight, everyt'ing by me's all right?—My mother's an apple ple baker, my father he fiddles for gim—Hello, Broadway, good-bye France!—Jone of

Sammy Smiff almost got five days in he brig for saving the Major's life. Its name really isn't Smiff, but we're calling him that today just to baffle the

when his battainon is in the trenches the Major makes it a practice to visit every foot of the sector every morning before breakfast.

One morning he had jut completed his tour and was walking back along the

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

communication trench, near the battalion-post, when he heard someone appealing to something to "Come seven." He
walked toward the voice which issued
from the third-line trench to the right
of the communication. The battalion
post lay about 100 yards off to the left
of the communication trench. Christmas Box—A broken-into parcel partly filled with wristlets, mudlers, heavy sox, knit helmets, mittens, kid-tey pads and tunny bands that arrives in France about the middle of July. Get the geography right because it art of the story.

part of the story.

"Oh-h Ba-abee! Shoot the ten francs," said Sammy Smif's voice.

There are some kinds of shooting that are forbidden in our Army, even in the trenches. To "shoot the ten francs" is varietien.

you will never be able to get at it.

American Tobacco—An extinct species of weed, which used to be smoked by be-men in pipes, in clearette papers or in clear wrappers, without material larm to their masal organs or tongues.

Abri—An underground shelter entirely populated by soldiers and cooties.

Trench—1. A hole in the ground, without beginning and without end, entirely filled by water and very frequently the object of the enemy's attention.

2. (Plural) Trenches—The things in which the people back home imagine we are all of the time.

Dugout—The most satisfactory life in-

are torbulen in our Army, even in the trenches. To "shoot the ten francs" is verboten.

Reaching the third-line trench, the Major turned not toward his battalion-nost as usual, but to the right to interview Sammy Smiff.

Sammy's fellow shootsman saw the Major coming and got away.

Just then many things happened at once in the third-line down to the left of the communication trench. About twelve German shells banged where the Major would have been walking if he hadn't turned to stop the crap-shooting. They threw mud on the battallon post, but nobody was hurt.

The Major looked at the bursting shells and at Sammy Smiff. Then he put the bones into his pocket.

"You might have been sentenced to five days for gambling," said the Major, "but I'm letting you off this time." ive days for gambling," said the Major but I'm letting you off this time."

THE STARS—FROM FRANCE

We see a lot of stars in France.—
I'p in the heavens high they dance.
While we, on watch for scudding plane
Gaze up in awe and rack our bridge
In wonder whether, way up there.
Those little worlds have now a share
of all the horror this world knows,
of all the wartime's walls and woes.

Has every little world above Hs share of war-hate, share of love? Has every one its sinking ships, Its front lines locked in battle grips? Has every one its racking strife? Of sword and gun, grenade and knife?

Has every one a tyrant who The peaceful millions would subdue?

We do not know now if we are Upon the only backward star;
Nor do we know that only we Do spite the planets' harmony.
We only know that we must purge
This world—our star—of tyrants' scourge;
That, when thus freed, 'twill shine as fair

AN ANGEL-BUT UNAWARE

The transport driver had feelings to

The transport driver had lectings to match. He kept making harsh statements about things in general and muttering unkind remarks to his unoffending horses, as he slowly picked his way along the shell-torn street of a shattered

along the succession of a woman came out of the darkness. The driver jammes on the brakes and tugged strenuously at the horses' heads. He stopped ins in time to avoid running the woman

When he got back his breath, he von

When he got back his breath, he vomited three mouthfuls of the great Australian language over the figure on the road. She stood patiently and listened. He turned off the flow of words and motioned to her to get out of the way. But she made no sign of moving.

He emptied another collection of variegated language over her, and waited some more. No movement.

some more. No movement.

He asked the atmosphere emphatically what the unprintable language it thought of the woman. Then he decided that she couldn't understand Australian. So he teled French

conduct understand Australian. So he tried French.
"Alley, toot sweet!" he shouted.
Still no movement.
"Alley!" he roared again.
Again no movement.
"Alley!"—Partie!—er—er . . .
For Gawd's sake get out of the blanky road!!" he yelled in desperation.
Nothing happened.
He became silent. He was baffled. For the first time on record his remarkable

He became silent. He was baffled. For the first time on record his remarkable accumulation of high-power language had lost its impelling power! He decided to put the "actions speak louder than words" proverb to the test. He threw down the reins disgustedly and clamberd off the wagon for the purpose of expostulating at close quarters. "Look here, you—"

He stopped short. He found himself taking to the stone image of an angel that had been uncerthed from the ruins of a church and placed in position on the road.

the road.

A chorus of triumphant laughter came out of a ruined house.—Aussic, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

And bright as any star up there!

Or is this little world of ours

We see a lot of stars in France

the hardy soldiery of the twentieth cen tury.

Spiral Putters—Part of a scheme to increase the size of fatigue squads by making a larger number of men late to revoille.

reveille.
Underwear—The favorite ration of the

Contenueur—The tayorite ration of the goar, sheep-tick and flea.

Officer of the Day—A lleutenant troubled with sleeplessness and possessed of a bad habit of coming around between midnight and dawn and asking embarrassing questions.

ODD BIRDS IN FRENCH ARMY

be-men in pipes, in cigarette papers or in cigar wrappers, without material larm to their mast organs or tougues.

Abri—An underground shelter entire typopulated by soldiers and cordies.

Trench—1. A hole in the ground, without beginning and without end, entirely filled by water and very frequently the object of the enemy's attention. C. (Plural) Trenches—The things in which the people back home imagine we are all of the time.

Digout—The most satisfactory life insurance policy sold in the less healthy portions of France.

Machine Gun—An arrangement allered to be able to do the work of fifteen men but requiring the work of thirty men to keep it in operation and condition.

Court Martial—A scheme to separaty our from your money, or your liberty.

Campaign Hat—An obsolete piece of headgear now seen only in historical raintings and on statues of Robert E. Lee, Uysses S. Grant, Philip Sheridan, William Teenmseh Sherman, Frederick Funston, and other generals. Soft of faded horizon blue."

ODD BIRDS IN FRENCH ARMY

"In an army like France's, one finds many odd birds among the simple soltiers," writes Charles B. Nordhorf in the Atlantic Monthly, "I was playing shin-even very popular in our section) the other evening, and a cafe, a roughly dressed soldier stood up to give us a bit of music—stand from hour the world sening in which one of the greatest stood up to give us a bit of music—stand from hour the world sening and or the work of fifteen men but requiring the work of thirty with the several citations) made us forget that anything existed except a flood of clear, throbbing sound. It was a rough, the several citations in the front superior of the greatest that anything existed except a flood of clear, throbbing sound. It was a rough, the first through the several citations in the first control of the greatest the country of the greatest stood up to give us a bit of music—stood up to give us a bit of music—stood

English and American

OUTFITTERS

Best choice at moderate prices

THE SPORT

17, Boulevard Montmartre, 17 PARIS

JOHN BAILLIE & CO.

(Opp. Ticket Office of Grand Opera.)

Che Military Cailor to United States Officers.

All Insignia, Sam Browne Belts, Trench Coats. Large variety in stock.

UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS

BRENTANO'S

(Societé Anonyme)

Booksellers & Stationers,

37, AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS.

Latest American, English & French Books

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Dictionaries, Phrase Books in all Languages,

United States Army Regulations, etc.

FINE COLLECTION OF WAR POSTERS.

ATTENTION! 50.000 Montres

HORLOGERIE KAPELUSZ, 24 Rus Vicilis de Temple, PARIS

SLEATOR & CARTER

PARIS

ENGLISH & AMERICAN CIVIL AND MILITARY TAILORS.

Olive Drab Uniforms and American Insignia a Speciality

SAM BROWNE BELTS TRENCH COATS WRAP PUTTEES

AMERICAN OVERSEAS FATIGUE CAP (To Measure)

getting a ring, hears something

THESE THREE CAME BY MAIL ORDER



They came by mail order, these three big locomotives, just like the college yell of a correspondence school. They can make a lot more noise than any yell invented, and they have more pull than any scion of the German nobility. They were built in the U.S.A., for use in hauling U.S.A. ammunition, grub and other supplies up to the front in France, thereby putting that same German nobility out of action. They have been coming along as regularly as Texas election returns, two or three of them umphumphing and whoo whoolng through Parls every two or three days on their

WILL LUG ONLY 25 POUNDS

Experts Plan to Reduce Dough-boys' Burden to Minimum

After a series of experiments in which efficiency and practicability were the chief factors taken into consideration the amount of metal entering into the composition of articles required for the equipment of infantrymen in the United States Army has been reduced to a mini-

The figures, compiled by the ordanance bureau in Washington, show that the soldiers carry 249.65 ounces of metal and 114.7 ounces of cotton, leather, wool and wood, the entire weight being about twenty-five pounds.

The articles included in the infantry-man's equipment, with the weight in ounces, follow: Bacon Can-0.4 ounce iron and steel

and 8 ounces wood.

Bayonet—15 ounces iron and steel and 1 ounce wood.

Bayonet Scabbard—2 ounces iron and steel, one-half ounce brass, 1 ounce alumium, 0.3 ounces of other metal, 1 ounce cotton, 2 ounces wood and 0.7 ounces lookbar.

again, and off they go.)

"Huckleberry Finn, if I were Huckleberry Finn, I'd do the things he'd do. I'd be a kid again!—Glawry, glawry halleloooooo-yah!— One grasshopper jumped right over the other grasshopper's back—I dowanna be a so-oldjer; wy should I fight, everyt'ing by me's all right?—My mother's an apple pie baker, my father he fiddles for gin—Hello, Broadway, good-bye France!—Jone of Ark. Jone of Ark—The girl I love, is on a magazine co-ho-ver—Oh, it's nice to get up in the morning, but's nicer to lie in bed—And when the guns begin to shoot we'll go and hire a substey-toot!— Damm, damm, damm the insurrectoes!— Americur, I raised my boy for you—

(Everybody.)

(Everybody.) "And if I had another He'd stay at home with mother,— Americurr, here's my boy!"

(Voice from up front)—"Atten—SHUN!" -then a faintly whispered, Just as we was gettin'

The French invented perfume because

GAME SAVES MAJOR'S LIFE

So Sammy Smiff is Let Off From Well-Deserved Punishment

When his battalion is in the trenches

. And faithful fans who always came nce more shall seek their favored places;
But they shall miss, throughout the game.

BASEBALL HEARS A CLINK OF SILVER

War Gives Everybody but the Fans a Cause for Jubilation

BUSHERS LIKE NEW RULINGS

Tax on Tickets Allows Managers a Chance to Make Fans Foot all Bills

Back home the baseball war is raging

Back home the baseball war is raging. It is all about money. Sitting here in our Sanctum Adrian 3.000 miles away from the swat-festers' Brest Litovsk, some of the terms in our cable correspondent's communique puzzled us a bit. But one note is clear throughout—and that's the clink of silver. The players are grasping for their share and the managers are not belindhand. Meanwhile, the fans sulk—for they must foot the bill.

The big leaguers have admitted a delegation of bushers to the high conference, and certain constitutional rights demanded by ball players—particularly among the minors—have been conceded after much hot parley. Major league players are to have ten days' notice when unconditionally released. When minor leaguers are given their walking papers, they are to have five days' notice. Major leaguers are to be paid all expenses from their homes to the training camps.

Bushers Sure of a Home

Bushers Sure of a Home

Players purchased from Class AA leagues may remain with minor clubs until the end of the season, thus preuntil the end of the season, mus pre-venting the downtrodden bushers from suffering financial loss while the cham-plouship season is open. All this, of course, is heralded by ball players as a

course, is heralded by ball players as a long sought victory.

How to make the price of admission tickets cover the war tax without riots at the gates is another matter of great concern to the much-harassed high commissioners. On big days the fractional sum required by the tax bids fair to cause large difficulties in making change to purchasers. The plan to raise the price to a "round sum" suits the managers but isn't so popular with the fans.

Ebbets Sticks the Fans

Charlie Ebbets of Brooklyn, who never is slow in the matter of hiking the ante, comes out with the aunounce-ment that the best way, as he sees it, is to stick the ticket purchaser ten per

cent.

Along with all this discussion, the conferees of the National Commission are trying to find time to revise the rules again, and to settle the old debate about the spir ball.

PENN BANS BEAR STORIES

(By CABLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES) [By Cableto THE STARS AND STRIPES]
PHILADELPHIA. Feb. 14... The days
of the training camp "bear" stories are
ended, at least at the University of
Pennsylvania, where Graduate Manager
Pickering has established an athletic
censorship bureau through which all correspondents must submit their stories
before sending them to the press. The
reason given for adopting the censorship
of athletic press stuff was that in the
past the impressions given by the stories
had not been accurate and had infured
rather than aided the athletic organizations.

Most of the large universities in the

Most of the large universities in most of the high enversions that United States have encountered this difficulty, and it is believed that others will follow the lead of the University of Pennsylvania and allow the manager of coach to see the sport stories before they are published.

TRACK PROSPECTS BRIGHT

(BY CABLETO THE STARS AND STROPES)

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Latest developments in inter-collegiate athletics show that prospects for a good year in track, rowing and baseball are far brighter than a few weeks ago. It will be remembered that when America entered the war and the first training camps depleted the athletic organizations, only a few of the big universities stood fast and decided that so far as it was possible athletic schedules should be main tained. A little later when President Wilson's message to the college presidents urged that athletics be kepf up, other colleges joined the few which from the beginning had voted for the continuation of athletics, and, at this date, it appears that, with the exception of Harvard, all of the larger universities and colleges have arranged intercollegiate schedules. [BY CABLETO THE STARS AND STREPES]

PROMISE OF BOAT RACING

[BY CABLETO THE STARS AND STRIPES]

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—Yale and Pennsylvania will sheet on the water in the first inter-collegiate dual race on May 11. The event will take place on he new Housatonic River course, which is recognized as the ideal two-mile stretch of America.

Princeton. Columbia, and the Navy are the other entries in the events for the coming season. Cornell has not yet announced if she will compete. The Navy program of races has been com-

yet announced it she will compens.

Navy program of races has been completed, and Yale will row against all

U. S. A. Fighting Carol of Hdqrs. Co., 320 Inf., N.A. (Tune of "Tammany")

U.S.A., U.S.A.
With bayonet and shot and shell,

We will give the Kaiser hell; U.S.A., U.S.A. Jab 'em, jab 'em, Shoot and stab 'em; U.S.A.

U.S.A., U.S.A.
With riffs bullets flying fast,
We'll sail the Kaiser to the mast;
U.S.A., U.S.A.
Stick 'em, stick 'em,
We can itck 'em;
U.S.A.
G. H. H. E.

G. H. H. E.

RUSSIA BENCHED; NO MORE WEAK HITTERS

JOHN L.

So, John I., they've done you in!
One more champion is past;
One more standby of the ring
Gathered-to his peers at last!
One more good, two-fisted man
Pays the toll of waning years,
One more sporting gentleman
Quits this mortal vale of tears!

Well you fought, and honestly, Always hit above the belt Square and handsome—as shall be Aye the giory of the Celt! Had you younger been, we know You would surely have been here. Dealing out your vallant blows. For you know not breath of fear!

When you scrapped, you scrapped by

rule.
Scrapped for glory and for prize;
Those we fight with know no law
Save a madman monarch's eyes—
Hit in clinches, send them foul,
Hit a man when down—In sooth,
Naught they know of sportsmanship.
Naught have they of reck nor truth!

Called you cruel, did they? Why?
Thought your sport a brutal thing?
All our victries, by the bye,
Come by training in the ring:
Sport it is for fighting men.
Sport to train them for the fray—
Sport that you made what it is.
Sport that mourns your loss today!

Rest you, fighting gentleman, From your life of battles flerce; May no discord from below Your well-carned repose e'er pierce! May we, with our battles done, Meet you in Valhalla, when Proud we'll be to be acclaimed Kin to you-clean fighting men!

STAR SHELLS

By Sgt. Stuart Carroll. of Q.M.C.

A homely versifier, I.
An honest journalistic gay,
And born in old Mizzou:
I'd like to dip my pen and write
From milky morn till naughty night Such stuff as this for you.

But when ye autocratic ed With accent military, said: "I need some sporting chat." What could I do except salute. For I'm a buck and he's a lieut,— A deuxieme lieut, at that.

So here we go, and you who read May see that we don't go to seed By making it your biz To send us all the sport you know— Then watch the wicked wrinkles go Forever from my phiz!

When Grover Cleveland Alexander claimed that the Cubs weren't offering him a sufficient salary, he probably had the notion that his earnings in one year should equal the sum paid by Uncle Sam, in years gone by, to another Grover Cleveland for serving eight.

... Ty Cobb asked exemption from the draft, asserting that he had dependents. While it is universally understood that animals do not come under the head of dependents, the draft board no doubt dependents, the draft board no doubt has an uncalloused spot in its heart for Tigers.

And the fans over in the States are worrying about the announcement that there may be a war tax on baseball tickets. Oh, well:

The tares that bloom in the Spring.

Closing the pool halls for two days a week and every night at ten o'clock puts an awful crimp in home billiard circles. We can picture Benny Allen and Jawn Kling, way out in Kansas City, closing 'fne shuffers on Twelfth Street, and the former Cub catcher complaining to his partner, "But Benny, it's only the shank o' the evening."

Is it a circus you're wantin'? Jess Willard is closing out his aggregation of living miracles. We suggest that the Tank Service purchase the elephants for massots.

. . . UNCLE SAMMY IN THE BOX

tance fifty feet.

4. Blanket-roll contest — started with contents of roll on ground. First man to stand at attention, completely equipped, to be adjudged winner.

5. Pup-tent pitching contest, for speed, with two men teams, 6. "Bayonet-boxing."

7. Hurdle race over military obstacles, such as trenches, stand-bag piles, wire, at Camp Devens, Ayer, Massa, is a list hedges, etc.

UNCLE SAMMY IN THE BOX
Oh, just watch me when it's Springtime
and the sun-shines on the bleachers.
When the Big Game starts, my laddie,
on the di'mond Over Here—
See the grin of joyous rapture sneaking o'er my classic features
As I'm thinking how Our Boys will
win the bacon and the beer.
Tho' the Gothas play a savage game
and lately they've been winning
From some pitchers not in training
and who couldn't stand the knocks.
You will hear 'em shouting "Kamerad"
about the second inning
When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

when there sammy dances to the box.

(th. I almost see the old horsehide as o'er the plate it's curving To greet the chinless Kronprinz, who misses it a mile. In the Hun bench-warmers wonder, "Vot der hell is dot he's serving?" But the pitcher slams 'em over with a tantalizing smile.

He can give them any brand of ball and any place they want 'em, Around their neck one minute and the next around their socks—
You can bet your mess-kit, bunkle, that I'll be right there to taunt 'em When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

When these sammy dances to the opt.

When it's over in the Springtime, there will be some gay parading;
Through the laughing streets of Paris Uncle Sam will lead his band.

And I shouldn't be surprised if there's a bit of serenading Ere we say "adien" to la belle France, the Tiger-lily land.

Then we'll march aboard a transport for the jaunt across the ocean, "And we'll tell 'em how to Kaiser Bill we swiftly set the blocks—Oh, I wish 'twere Spring to-unorrow; there'll be dolns'—I've_g_notion—When Uncle Sammy dances to the box.

With slender prospects in view for a good schedule during the coming season, the Montreal club of the International league is rapidly selling its high salaried players. This action on the part of the Montreal club seems to indicate that the Northern league may be disbanded.

ARMY FIELD SPORTS;

Track Meets of Military **Events Should Uncover** Real Hun Killers

Spring, the season for field sports, is slip-slopping upon us. Back in the States the schoolboys are beginning to limber up for track meets.

Why can't we of the A.E.F. plan some meets of our own—something in the line of military field sports? Every regiment certainly has the material for a team; or a regimental team might be organized by competition between company or troop, battalion or squadron teams.

teams.

Because of a variety of difficulties it is suggested that the old program of dashes, runs, jumps, vaulting, and weights be eliminated and that all of our track events be of a strictly mili-ary nature, events actually useful in

THESE LITTLE

THE

FINISH

AND I USED

SIX DAY

BICYCLE

RMY FIELD SPORTS;
WHO WILL TRY THEM?

Prove interesting and might lead to a satisfactory method of adjusting these articles to the American calf. Or, an 'ante-reveille' dressing contest—from pajamas (?) and bed socks to blouse, overcoat, last, boots, and putts, with blankets folded, too, would undoubtedly develop into a propular event since

brankets folded, too, would indoducedly develop into a popular event, since every organization has its snappy, dresser.

The pie-eating contest? Ah, qui, to be sure. But we suggest that gentlemen from certain parts of New England be heavily handicapped.

BILLY SUNDAY IN BATTLE

Has a Fist Fight and Describes It
For the Papers
When a disturber with a gas mask
sneaked over the top at a recent Billy
Sunday meeting, intending to whip the
evangelist, several things happened.
Billy thus describes the ensuing fight in
a wire to the New York Evening World:
"It wasn't much of a battle. Phose
loyal, hot blooded Southerners took it
out of my hands before I landed many

times.
"I hadn't much more than gone into high on my sermon. Just happened to

DIVERSTED TO THE

SCARCELY NOTICEABLE .

WE AGAIN DIRECT

UPON CLOSE SCRUTING

IS REVEALED TO HAVE 6130 WH TO ENDING

PROPORTIONS DURING

IS A CONTR

A CROSS-COUNTRY EVENT

out of my hands before I landed many

TEX RICKARD NOW A LLAMA LLAMER

Famous Boss of Lammers . Takes to Tall Grasses . of Paraguay

Tex Rickard is out. Not knocked out by the over-ferrid careases of any of his former pug proteges, but just plain out of the fight-promoting game. Tex is going back to South America. At first thought the possibilities of

At first thought the possibilities of a fight promoter of Tex's undoubted ability being let loose in that vast area, which in its day has been shaken by so many revolutions, seem dire in the extreme. But not so. Tex isn't even going in for bull-fight booming. He is going to leave South American the is going to leave South American fight-promoting to Old Clp Castro, the stormy petrel of Venezuela, and other people who care for that sort of recreation. Tex, like Cincinnatus, is going to retire to his farm.

Said farm, or rather ranch, has been in Tey's prossession for guite some time.

in Tex's possession for quite some time Why he bought it when he did Tex con fesses he doesn't really know, unless i resses he doesn't really know, unless it was a sort of base to retire to in case he was forced from his front line position at the ropes. But he hasn't been forced from the ropes—not by a jugful! His voluntary retirement is the real thing, and therefore not at all in the same class with the Boches "voluttary withdraway" in Rajeium last. untary withdrawal" in Belgium last

The Llama's Nature

As time wore on that ranch of his, hich is down Paraguay way, got on ex's mind. Then it got on his nerves, became a sort of "Now that you got whacha gonna do with it?" proposi Finally, Tex, being hardly you might call a passive soul, hitched up his galluses, dug in his jeans for a steamer ticket and marine insurance, had himself mugged and the result pasted on to his passport, and made tracks for the regions below the equator.

tor.

So, amid the waving pampas grasses instead of amid the waving fight fans, Tex will take up his new abode, and start his new occupation as a llammer of llamas instead of an abettor of lammers. Llamas are fuzzy things that are a sort of a cross between a goat, a sheep, a camel, and Lord knows what, and while they are usually easy to herd they are not infrequently as temperamental as champs. Tex, it can readily be seen, will be right in his element if they get frisky and want bigger guaranthey get frisky and want bigger guaran-tees or anything.

We'll All Eat Llama

Llamas can be fleeced, just like some humans; also shorn. Likewise they are good to eat, after they have been killed and cooked. It's a safe side bet that all of Tex's friends—which means a fair all of Tex's friends—which means a fair majority of the great American people, will be eating llama meat as regularly as an army eats beans, once Tex gets things going down there and properly organized. And llama meat, to judge from Mr. Hoover's reports, will be mighty welcome as a change from the whate blubber and corn pone diet upon which our great nation is now said to be subsisting.

KICKHEFER DEFEATS DE ORO

The new three cushion billiard cham-tion of the world is August Kickhefer, In a match this week in Chicago, he snatched away Alfredo de Oro's rubber-tipped scepter—51 to 26 tells the story.

A FIGHTER'S GAME

"Our soldiers in France are the best bomb throwers among the Allies. Why? Because of their baseball training. I think we should do everything to encourage a game which makes good soldiers of our young men."

This is the introduction given a bill in New York by Assemblyman Owen

in New York by Assemblyman Owen Klernan. The bill provides for Sunday baseball, both amateur and professional, the contests to be played after 2:30 in

the contests to be played after 2:30 in the afternoon.
"I don't think a man who goes to a baseball game after 2:30 o'clock on a Sunday afternoon is any less of a Christian," says Klernan, "and I believe that enthusiasts over the state will give the bill their strongest support."

Among the prominent men to appear before the legislative committee in favor of the Klernan measure is John J. McGraw, of the Glants.

CABLE FLASHES

The Harvard varsity hockey team broke even with the Boston Wanderers in an ice-scrap, each seven scoring one goal carly in the game.

Boston College heat Boston University on the rink, its puck-propellers slam-ming home three goals to the loser's one

Lehigh University was floored in bas-kethall by the Crescent quinter recently, the tallies being 11 for Lehigh and 22 for the quarter-moon contingent. . . .

A national Class C billiard champion A national Unger of Montclair, N. J., who won his title after defeating Augustus Gardner by a score of 150 to 125. There was another game still to be played in the series at last reports, but its outcome cannot change the result of the match.

Syracuse University's crew coach opposes the cancelling of the inter-collegiate regatta at Poughkeepsie, as advocated by Pennsylvania and Cornell. Yale will keep to rowing this year, and plans for three varsity crew races with Penn, Princeton and Harvard, although the events have not yet been officially sanctioned by the Yale Athletic Council. That all-powerful body insists that the races must be without the old-time glamor and expenditures—such as violets for the lady guests in the observation cars, and drinks for the gentlemen guests at the Griswold and "Moheeke."

Ted Lewis, the welterweight champion. got the decision in a six round go over Johnny Tiliman of Philadelphia. Scoring a knockdown with a left hook in the final round, and thus making the fugilist from the Sleeping City feel perfectly at home. Jack Britton, the former champion, will meet Lewis again in Providence on February 25, to go twelve rounds to a decision. They have

For those who hit home runs each day That baseball scribes might make a

fought five decision bouts already, of which Lewis has copped three.

THOSE FIELD'S SHOES

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES—Sir:

Why doesn't our joint Uncle, by name Samuel, give his boys over here a better field shoe? If he could perfect one, he would save the lads a great many frozen to cost and chilbiains, and spare them some of the daily miseries of cold feet—literal cold feet, I mean, for they don't know "cold feet" in the figurative sense!

Everybody who has to wear these field shoes, from chaplains down in the scale of piety, cusses them out for. There is a lot of to cuss them out for. There is a lot of to cuss them out for. The only man I ever heard defend them was a lieutenant and he wasn't wearing them. He had on a pair of highly polished russet knee boots that must have set him back a good \$40.

Our army's shoes were nade wrong wherever there was a chance to make a mistake. The worst error of all was in putting the smooth surface of the eather inside the shoes and exposing

putting the smooth surface of the eather inside the shoes and exposing eather inside the shoes and exposing the spongr, porous surface to the weather. This surface just drinks in moisture. A man wakes up in the morning to find his shoes frozen stiff. He is instructed to oil them so they'll shed moisture. He oils them: Result—the water and oil in the pores make the leather so soggy that it takes days to dry.

leather so soggy that it takes days to dry.

The soles are too thin for a hob-nailed boot for cold weather wenr. If the soles were twice as thick there would be a fairly thick layer of leather between the soles of a man's foot and the top of the nails. As the boots are made now, you can feel the nail heads just under the insoles and the nails are quick and lirect conductors of the cold.

The leather laces are also N.G. Oll makes them rotten and they are always breaking?

makes there rowers ambreaking!
I understand that some new field shoes have been bought, and that they have a polished outside that will shed water when they are oiled. So far, however, uone of them have put in an appearance round this section of the country.

Yours for dry feet.

ONE WHO HAS SUFFERED.

Reports have reached G.H.Q. that waste has been observed coming from messes of organizations of the A.E.F. Mention is especially made of waste of

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE

THE CENSOR SAYS

YOU CAN MAIL Che Stars and Stripes HOME

AFTER YOU HAVE FINISHED READING IT

This is just one of a hundred and one good reasons why you should subscribe at once for the official A. E.F. newspaper, published by and for the soldiers of the

Let The Stars and Stripes be a weekly letter from you to the folks back home. In one issue it will tell them more about your life "Somewhere" in France than you could write in a year of letters.

Take out your subscription through your company organization and thereby help to increase your company fund

Address all communications to

THE STARS AND STRIPES, Press Division.

G. H. Q., A. E. F., France.

warfare, the training for which should make the men more fit for combat, oblyscially and mentally. The men thus trained will be of greater value to themselves, to their organizations and to their country.

All-Around Champs, Step Up!

He lunged at me as I turned, and I

All-Around Champs, Step Up!

In the American track meet there are usually from twelve to sixteen events in mediately suggest themselves which might be used in a military meet, and in which any man with a few months in the army should be fairly proficient:

1. One hundred yard dash in heavy marching order—field shoes, pack, rifle, etc. (This has been done in 14 seconds on a typical French road.)

2. Shallow trench digging, for speed.

3. Hand-grenade target contest. Distance fifty feet.

4. Blanket-roll contest — started with

Here, according to one of the officers t Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass., is a list f the equipment an officer is now sup-osed to bring with him to France: Two typewriters. One mahogany bar

and men of the

sten as tremenes, stand-pag pries, wire, hedges, etc. 8. Padded-lance jousting, or, bayonet vs. man, with padded lance, stationed back of stabbing dummy. 9. Dismantling and setting up (a) machine-guns, (b) automatic rifles, (c) one-pounders, contestants blindfolded. back of stabbing dummy. 9. Dismantling and setting up (a) machine-kuns, (b) automatic rifles, (c) one-pounders, contestants blindfolded. 10. Rifle match. 11. Pistol match. 12. Relay race for runners, or agents de liaison," distance to be determined later. Putt-Spinning a Fine Art Then, too, there should be other events of a less martial character, so that the program may not become too technical for an average spectator. A race in winding spiral puttees should

UNITED STATES DEPOSITARY OF PUBLIC MONEYS Places its banking facilities at the disposal of the officers

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Special facilities afforded officers with accounts with this institution to negotiate their personal checks anywhere in France. Money transferred to all parts of the United States by draft or cable.

Capital and Surplus : : : \$50,000,000

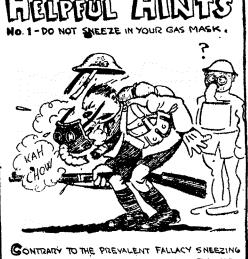
Resources more than . : : : \$600,000,000 AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

Guaranty Trust Company of New York Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens.

DOUGHBOY STUFF FROM THE INSIDE

YESLIR FIGHTHOUSE; LETS GIT SUMPIN: TO EAT. I GOT TREE HUNDRED OLE SCOUT ! BÉCOMES UNDONE ON THE HIKE. DO YOU KNOW ALLEY TOOT SWEET THE TREAD IN THE BY ONE THING PARTICULARLY HAS THE HELMET THIS FISH USES HIS HELMET FOR A CANDLE STAND AT MIGHT PROVEH ITS WORTH --- APPORD NE VERY AND CAN NEVER REMEMBER TO NECESSARY PROTECTION FROM THE POUCE UP HIS CANDLE AND WELL IT'S AFTER FLOATING INTELLIECT IN RANKS . SCRAPE THE HELMET OFF THE 10 AN WE EAT WOT-YOU HERE GREASE FOR INSPECTION. ALREADY ? WOT THERES A PAIR IN EVERY COMPANY-IS, A HOTEL? IF THERE IS ANY COMPANY NOT PORTUNATE ENDIGH TO INCLUDE A MUTT AND JEFF ON THEIR ROLL LET IT BE KNOWN AT ONCE AND THE STARTLING DELINQUENCY SHALL THE COMPANY COMEDIAN -BE LOOKED INTO AND THE PROPER SOMETIMES HE IS SADDER AUTHORITIES NOTIFIED - (WE MUST TERP UP TRADITIONS AT ANY COST.) AND THAN SOME BUT SELDOM

-By WALLGREN



INTO THE GAS MASK IS TO BE AVOIDED PRATHER THAN PRACTISED. 'A VIOLENT SNEEZE WHILE. ENCASED IN THE TENACIOUS WRINKLES OF THE MASK IS VERY APT TO CAUSE INTERNAL COMBUSTION WITH SERIOUS EFFECTS TO THE SHEEZEE, COMPRISING-A LOSS OF SELF RESPECT AND WITH AL AN AID TO THE ENEMY Lif the oneeze is "abodlutely unavoidable, let it be thru the bars in Dreffmened, as the early are not governed and affund afree air phem

ARMY MOVIE MEN ARE THE BRADYS OF 1918

THE DELICATE LITTLE LAD WHO IS A LWAYS FIRST

IN THE CHOW LINE - AND LAST OUT OF THE MESS HALL.

War Diaries on Motion Picture Films Portray Our Troops Behind the Lines and in Action

He cast a hurried glance up above him. Sure enough, there was a muzzle of something sticking out from behind that shutter. Instinctively he clutched for his Cat and the for his Gat, and then-

that shutter. Instinctively he clutched for his Gat, and then—

"Don't be alarmed, Buddy," a cheery voice, emanating from back of the muzzle sang out to aim. "Carry on, just as you are. You're the first specimen I've seen of an Amex man taking things easy, and I've got orders to film everything unusual in connection with Uncle Sam's army. Just stroll around a bit, will you? Thanks. Now try to make friends with that little six vear-old French girl (I guess she's about six) stoddling along there with the doll. That's fine—Bully! Lift her up on your shoulder now, and walk along this way. Oh, don't handle her as if she were a basket of eggs! Cuddle her right up there, she may shy from your beard a bit, but I don't it. Aw, man! You don't know how to handle a kid! Act as if you liked it. Kindness, man. rejister kindness; paternal love—that's it!—register paternal love."

The solder, wondering if he was stealing a leaf out of Jenne d'Arc's hook.

ft!—register paternal love!"

The soldier, wondering if he was stealing a leaf out of Jeanne d'Arc's book, hearing strange voices and seeing visions, blunderingly obeyed. The little French girl acted her part admirably, waving her hand up toward the wicked looking nuzzle of the movie camera and blowing a kiss to the possessor of the cheery voice—who had just stuck out his head—as he directed the "scene." The action over she clambered down, and scene. she clambered down, and scam-

Snapping From Ambush

Snapping From Ambush

The soldier, still dumbfounded, stood gazing at the window from which the muzzle had disappeared. Out of the house which had given shelter to the camera and its operator emerged the cranker, wearing upon his Oversea cap the insignia of his lieutenancy in the Signal Corps. The soldier saluted. "Much obliged for your 'suping' for me," grinned the movie-officer, returning the salute. "Where you had it on some of the other fellows was that you knew you were being snapped, and had time to straighten out the kinks in your bat, and so forth. Some of them we take at drill and on the hike and so forth don't know what's happening until their mothers or best girls, or both, back in the States, write to them and ask them since when they have given up the army and gone into acting for the movies."

and gone into acting for the movies."
"You're not—the lieutenant isn't going to send my picture back to the Btates?" queried the soldier, in dismay.
"Sure. Why not?" the genial gentleman repiled. "You didn't give away any military information by posing with that little French kid. That human-interest stuff will, as they say in the trade. 'get over big' back home. Lucky for you I didn't ask you to pose with a French girl a little bit older than that. Then if your girl saw it in the movies you'd have a fine time explaining things, wouldn't you?"

And acknowledging the salute of the

And acknowledging the salute of the till bewildered soldier, the lieutenant tucked his camera under his arm and walked away.

Like Another "Brady" Series

This isn't a fake yarn just to kill space. It's merely a glimpse of the work the photographic section of Signal Corps is doing here in France with movies and "still" cameras, in collecting what is proposed to be "a complete photographic history" of American participation in the war—such as Brady made with "stills" of the Civil War. "Scenes" such as the one just described, scenes of traising of embarkation—yes, of actual combat—all are to be photographed. Some, including those of specialized traising, will be reserved for official use, while the others will be distributed in the United States to give the people at home the one thing they crave: The sight of their soldiers at work and at play, amid the strange surroundings of the Old World.

There is one movie-officer at present ussigned to every division in the A.E.F.—see might call him the commander of Like Another "Brady" Series

the camera battery, if one wanted to be really military about it. Under him is s squad of expert photographers—some movie men, some "still" snappers. From the time when the sun finally decider the time when the sun finally decides that he might as well hobble up in the sky and do part of a day's work—which isn't often, in this region—until the time that the aged decrepit old solar luminary decides again, about the middle of the afternoon, that he's done all he's going to do while the calendar is fixed the way it is, the camera battery is up and around taking notables. is fixed the way it is, the camera bat-tery is up and around, taking pot-shots at everything in sight. The battery—or rather, squad—goes out on "news tips," just as newspaper photographers and operators for "news weeklies" go out in the States. They may be "covering" a review, a series of field mancuers, a march "up front"—or merely Blank Company's wash-day at the village fountain. But always, when the sun is shin

tain. But always, when the sun is shining, they are at it.

"Light conditions here in France," says one of the divisional movie-magnates, "are worse than they are anywhere else in the world. Our working day for picture taking lasts only from about 9:30 in the morning to 3 o'clock in the afternoon. But it takes us a good deal of time to get around to the things we want to film, so our actual working day is much longer, of course. At that, even with the sunshine we do get, the only color that seems to come out is yellow—a yellowish mud color. It's flerce!"

The "film flight-commander" in question certainly ought to know. He has The "film night-commander" in question certainly ought to know. He has taken travel pictures in the Arctic, in the Sahara Desert, in the wilds of New York's East Side, in—and this is not a real-estate ad—sunny California.

Shrapnel Spoils His Plates

Shrapnel Spoils His Plates
"No, sir." he will tell you, "if I had
nad my way, sir, this war would have
been staged in a tropical climate. You
can really do something with a camera
then. Besides, we have trouble here
with a very disobliging enemy. Down in
Mexico, in the good old days when Villa
was scrapping with Obregon, and Carranza with both of them, and all of them
at once with Diaz, or however it went,
they never used to start their battles
until the movie man arrived on the
scene. They would as soon think of
fighting without movies as they would
of living without cigarets and pulque.
But the Boches? Drat 'em! They've
spoiled some mighty good plates for us
with their cussed shrapnel. It spatters
the mud around so you can't get a good the mud around so you can't get a goo

exposure.
"Then, too, the style of warfare they play over here doesn't lend itself very well to movie work. You can't very well go out into No Man's Land and take a picture of both lines of trenches —that is, and get back with your film—

or your hide—in condition to be shown anywhere again. Down in good old Mexico, though—those were the battles to film! Real, rip-roaring charges and open-field fighting—all this Dustin Farnum wild west horseback stuff, where you could get close-ups. Half of the engagements you try to get over here look like just so much peaceful land-scape, with here and there a little smoke coming out."

WITH US O

LAST BUT NOT LEAST WE HAVE ALWAYS

"How does the American soldier size up as a movie actor?" another of army's Thomas H. Inces was asked.

Doughboys and Stars

scientific, travel and the rest-in your

SADDERER WHAT WOULD WE WITHOUT HIM?

scientific, travel and the rest—in your work over here, don't you?"
"Yes," he replied, "everything but the custard pie comedy. Pastry flour is too expensive, and American pies are too scarce in this country to allow us to film that. Tell you what, though; just stand over there! Now, start to take notes—look serious—Good! I've got about fifty feet of the first U.S. Army newspaper reporter in France, caught in the act of working. In just a minute in you'll turn your head—"
But the reporter, who (like all of his kind) dreads personal publicity, had already vanished around the corner.

Doughboys and Stars
"Fine!" was the reply. "He's as cheerful as Douglas Fairbanks, all the time, and he's doing just about as many difficult stunts over here. Heaven knows! He registers pleasure more than anything else; you never film him that be's smilling. By long training he's learned to keep his feet in much better son, a woman living in Fresno, Cal.,

-FOR SHE HAS SAVED THE SOUL OF THE WORLD"

"France embodies all of loveliness and all valor. Beauty is her handmalden, and strength her shield bearer, and the shining courage of her daughters has matched the courage of her dauntless sons. For three and a half terrible years she has walked, high of heart, through the valley of the shadow. Her body is in torture, but her forehead is alight with the beauty of the morning. Never in all history has there been such steadfast loyalty in the doing of dangerous duty, such devotion to country, such splendor of service and of sacrifice and great shall be her reward—for she has saved the soul of the world"—From an address by Theodore Roosevelt at the annual dinner of the Pennsylvania Society of New York.

control than Charlie Chaplin does, and the work they give him doesn't let him develop into much of a Fatty Arbuckle about the waist. He may not always be as handsome as the Farnum boys, or as cute as little Mary, but, in spite of all they say about the Q.M.'s department, he wears more clothes than Theda Bara!

"Yes, sir, I've seen and filmed the doughboy—and his friend the leather-neck—all over France, and from what I've seen of the Yank fighting man he's slaways a gentlemen. When he isn't standing at attention, he's always at his case—graceful. He never poses for the camera, even when he knows we've got one trained right on him. He just goes ahead and does his work, and never minds the gallery. Of course, he doesn't get paid as much as some of the screen stars back home, but at that he's much casler on the director's nerves, and on the nerves of the 'other members of the cast.'

"The French? Yes, they love to be

"The French? Yes, they love to be filmed, particularly the children. They nimed, particularly the children. They just itch to get a chance to dance in front of an American camera. Out in some of the country districts where we went, the people had never seen pictures being taken, and crowded around at a great rate. I rather imagine we gave them quite a treat."

No Custard Pie Comedy

No Custard Pie Comedy

The films all go to a central office in
Paris, where they are developed, censored—not even the movies escape it!—
separated into "official" and "general."
The "general" ones usually find their
way back to the States, but the chaplains and the Y.M.C.A. authorities hope
to have some of them shown over here,
in the huts, for the A.E.F. to see.

"Take it as a whole," the Hentenant

"Take it as a whole," the lieutenant in charge was asked, "you get all lines in the movie business—comedy, tragedy,

The underwear manufacturer who left the sheep burrs in those pants. The outlitter who tied those knots in the toes of those socks.

The rubber goods dealer who used a sieve instead of a sole for those boots. The hat maker who made all those new chapeaux of the uniform size of 0. The button manufacturer who made all those buttons out of pasteboard. The uniform maker who sewed all those buttons on with invisible thread. The guy who told us that "dubbin" was good for shoes.

The girl who told us we'd never stand any chance with her unless we enlisted.

AUF WIEDERSEHEN

There was a young Hun of Berlin Who picked up a bomb with the pin; When he took the pin out he was sent

To the place all Huns should be in. Aussie, the Australian Soldiers Magazine.

FROM CHEVRONS TO GOLD BARS

THIS VACANCY IS ALWAYS LOSING HIS HAT

While waiting for his whipcord suit to rrive, he slices the chevrons off his arrive, he suces the chevrons on mis-blouse, adjusts the very new insignia to his collar and takes a full hour pin-ning in the two gold shoulder-bars be-fore he is satisfied that they are paral-lel. (At that he doesn't get them paral-lel at all.) Then he gets his Sam Browne belt so tight that it clamps him every time he takes an extra deen drag very time he takes an extra deep drag every time he takes an extra deep drag at a cigaret. Next he gets it so toose that it flaps and makes a rattling noise against his breastbone when he takes his platoon out on the double-time. Finally he becomes so disgusted with it that he covers it with his overcoat—for which the slender sleeve-braid has not yet ar-rived—so as to hide his inability to fix it. rived-so as to hide his inability to fix it.

rived—so as to hide his inability to fix it.

But the overcoat presents difficulties, too. The places over his vaccination and "bing" spots, once covered by his chevrons, are so much cleaner than the test of the fabric. Those two tell-tale patches make all the difference in the world. "What's the matter, Jimmy" allegedly-sympathizing ex-comrades keep coming up and saying, "Been Busted?" Then—pretending to see his black-and-gold hat-cord for the first time—"Oh, beg pardon, Sir!" they exclain, salute, and walk away—with a snicker that is not entirely lost on the victim.

The worst part of all comes in salut-

not entirely lost on the victum.

The worst part of all comes in saluting. The new "second" sees a group of men put their hands up, and looks burriedly around to see whom he has missed greeting. When he discovers that he is

private!

Of course, the older officers are as kind as can be to him, and congratulate him, and say they knew he'd make good at the training school, but they can't be blamed for laughing when, at the conclusion of mess, he picks up the china plate in front of him and starts outdoors to wash it. Nor, for that matter, can his platoon be blamed for an inward rumble of mirth when his first "Squads—left—HRRCH!" dwindles off into the faintest of faisettos. The climax comes, though, when he takes his first trick as officer of the day and inspects his guard between midnight and reveille. The things he runs into then may safely be left to the imagination.

Everybody's hunching for him, though, the serveents will rull him out.

Everybody's hunching for him, though; the sergeants will pull him out

the only "it" in sight, he is covered with confusion, hurriedly snaps off a very poor salute—usually after the men who saluted him have passed—and numbles to himself that he will do better next time. But next time he salutes too soon—generally thus honoring a buck private!

Of course, the older officers are as kind as can be to him, and congratulate the model of the salutes of the salutes with the salutes of the salute of the salutes of with two shoulder-straps and oak leaves and eagles envy him his youth—and his

PROVOKING

(Extract from Order No.—"Officers on trench duty will count all shells, etc., passing over their sector.")
Officer on fire step: "Five hundred and seventy-one, five hundred and seventy-two, five hundred and seventy-two, five hun—"
Relief: "Here we are Mr. Hig—"
Officer on fire step: "SHUT UP, you idlot! Five hundred and seventy-ere—Now I've lost count!"—Aussic, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

SHIRTS

KHAKI COLLARS

bance.

SULKA & Cº PARIS.

NEW YORK

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO.

"WORLD SERVICE."

11 Rue Scribe, PARIS.

BORDEAUX

HAVRE

GENERAL BANKING FACILITIES AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

© 88888888888888888888888888888888888

For the most Cable and Mail News from the United States

News from the United States

READ THE

AMERICAN

Published every day of the week.

PRICE:

15

CENTIMES (three easte)

Address: "American Daily Mail."

36, Rue du Sentier, PARIS.

To Send Money Home

Société Générale

A Bank which has more than 1,000 branches throughout France.

There you will find Wells Fargo blank forms and instructions. You simply write on the form the name and address of the person who is to receive the money; the Dollar amount to be paid, whether by mail or cable, and your name. The SOCIETE GENERALE will collect from you the equivalent in France, give you a Wells Fargo receipt—and your part of the transaction is finished.

The identical form filled out by you is immediately sent by the SOCIETE GENERALE to us in PARIS and the payment order is dispatched by mail or cable to our New York office and thence to the address given by you. If by mail we send a duplicate by following steamer to ensure prompt payment should the original be lost in transit.

Meney may be paid in to any SOCIETE GENERALE Branch for opening a deposit account with us in Paris-subject to check

WELLS **FARGO** 4 RUE SCRIBE, PARIS

Head Office NEW YORK.

LONDON: 28 Charles Street, Haymarket.

HOW AN ARMY CHAPLAIN ESCAPES FROM BOREDOM

Besides His Sermons and a Long Round of Calls He Looks After Mail, Statistics and the Officers' Mess

"What does a chaplain do, anyway?"
It's an irreverent question, perhaps; and yet, after all, it's rather a natural one, if one considers the source. The average soldier doesn't see half as much of his regimental chaplain as he does of his colonel, and not one quarter as much as he sees of his battalion commander. When he does see him the chaplain is engaged in the performance of his priestly functions, on one day a week. And, like the army doctor, the army chaplain doesn't go around prying into the personal life of the soldier; sole inspections and soul inspections are two very different things.

So the question of what a chaplain does is a perfectly natural, perfectly honest one to put. The soldier who knows something of the routine of ministers' and priests' lives at home doesn't see any particular job for them over here on their off days. The clytlan population is pretty well cared for by its own clergy; and the army is too we recommend the control of the sound of the court in the proparty alter was placed. When we were about half through, and looked

so the question of what a chaplain does is a perfectly natural, perfectly honest one to put. The soldler who knows something of the routine of ministers' and priests' lives at home doesn't see any particular job for them over here on their off days. The civilian population is pretty well cared for by its own clergy; and the army is too busy or—well, too army—to turn out by its own clergy; and the army is too busy or—well, too army—to turn out for Thursday night prayer meetings, to organize discussion groups, to form Dorcas societies, to give fairs, sociables, and the like. Naturally, the man in the ranks wonders just what the chaplain, outside of composing his weekly straight-from-the-shoulder talk, finds to bean himself from boredom. keep himself from boredor

His Work At the Front

His Work At the Front

To be sure, the man who has been "up front," or who has been in hospital, knows the chaplain's work, and honors and loves him for it. Up front, when one wants a chaplain, one wants him in a hurry. Often there are more who need him than he can take care of conveniently; and the same holds true for the hospital. There is no question in the mind of the man who has availed himself of a chaplain's services in either of those two situations as to whether or not the good man has enough to do. The man who has been trought around, inwardly healed and consoled by the chaplain in his hour of need, would be perfectly willing to see that gallant uniformed gentleman have it soft and easy for the rest of his life, with a yearly pension equal to John D. Rockefeller's entire capilal.

Back of the lines, though, in the training areas it is different.

Back of the lines, though, in the training areas, it is different. The chaplain appears at church time one a week, to be sure; always adds a few a week, to be sure; always adds a few words of cheery greeting to the salute be gives in return for the one tendered him; is usually on deck when the Y.M. or the K. of C. is staging anything out of the ordinary; is always interested if anyone seeks him out for conversation or advice, but is, well, rather undetached. He seems more like a salesman with a roving commission than a "regular home office man," as the colonel does, for example.

Many Personal Letters

But the chaplain is busy—far huster than the average man, who doesn't seek him out or doesn't run into him often, would ever suspect. Just try to follow him around on one of his normally busy days, and see how quickly you'll incker out. Or as a STARS AND STRIPES reporter recently did, just waylay one of his species, and put that question to him: "What does a chaplain do?"
"Do?" repeated the good man, with

him: "What does a chaplain do?"
"Do?" repeated the good man, with a hearty laugh. "Ob, nothing! Every morning he has to make the rounds of about three hospitals about five miles apart, see that everything is up to snuff, and out if any of the men are in urgent need of—well, his professional services, if you want to call it that, and jolly the doctors. Then he has to run back to headquarters and see about the officers' mess. That's just one of the side jobs wished on him, you know.
"Next, along in the afternoon, he's got to be on hand at the distribution of mail, and see that as far as possible every man gets at least one letter out

or mail, and see that as far as possible every man gets at least one letter out of it. Then there's more ordering to do for the officers' mess, the laying out of a menu for the next day, the answering of a lot of personal letters (for a chaplain rets more mail than anybody else coming to that), a talk with the fellow who is down on his luck and who has come to the chaplain as a sort of last come to the chaplain as a sort of last some of them cigarets in the gresort, and, more often than not, a burry call to some one of the hospitals, box." Boom! Boom! Hoom! or to a distant cartonnant. That's the chocaltes?" Boom! Boom! distant cantonment.

the chocolates?" Boom! Boom! Boom! That's only one day around headquarters.

"Then, the way troops are scattered around in this country, a chaplain has to do a lot of trotting round in his Henry, visiting outlying detachments of the organization to which be is accredited. He is official burial officer, you know." The chaplain's voice halted a l.it. "Then, too, he's the official statistical officer, and has to get off all those reports the first of every month—regords on personnel, on strength, and all the rest. About the only books he has time to read are his own prayer book.

It seemed as if the Boche artilery had larged a little greenly for the larged as larged as little greenly for the larged as larged as little greenly for the larged as larged

Troubles With the Mail

"About the mail? Oh, yes; it's quite a job over here, when, say, the Blank Truck Company isn't anywhere near the Blank Regiment, and the Blank Motor Truck company isn't anywhere near the Blank Machine Gun Battalion. Of course, the postal people help out all they can, and—considering the job they re up against—they do pretty well; still, there's an awful ball-up every time a heavy mail comes in. But the people at home don't understand that; they're always writing me personally, asking me to look up Jimmy C—— in the Blank Auxiliary Tire Parts Company, say; since I'm attached to the Blank Regiment, they think Jimmy must be right around the corner. Usually the message is. 'Please find out why Jimmy len't writing to me any more; so it's up to me to go around and prod Jimmy—gently, to be sure, but still to prod him—up to a sense of his duty to the folks back home."

The chaplain chuckled. "I had a turned to the dolks back home."

The chaplain chuckled. "I had a turned to the dolks back home."

The chaplain chuckled. "I had a funny one the other night. A girl who was in my old flock wrote to me and said: 'Will you please find out why Tom said: 'Will you please find out why Tom isn't writing to me any more? Has he got a French girl he likes better than be does me, or is some other girl over here sending him sweaters and sox and things?' As I don't know Tom, and consequently am not familiar with his to hear that a Long Island girl, wardrobe, I couldn't tell her; but I forence Flower, has won the women's finally looked up his saidress and had to be tell the forwarded to him by courier, the letter forwarded to him by courier, with a note of my own on the bottom.

100m below the motor truck upon which cur temporary alter was placed. When we were about half through, and looked down for more water, we found some Irreverent French dogs had gone to work and lapped it all up!
"But it was a great success, just the same. One of the boys was christened Theodore Roosevelt, and another Frank Leslie. And there isn't anything will please their mothers more then to know

please their mothers more than to know that those boys, without any urging on anybody's part came forward in comrades and were bap tised in the Christian faith

Working To Beat Hell

Working To Beat Hell

"Hard work? Oh, don't talk about hard work, son; it's all part of the game and I never felt better or happier in my life. For one thing, my congregation can't go out motoring or playing golf on Sunday mornings. And I don't have to worry about church expenses. Music—there's the regimental band, and if I want a quartet I have to offend about a dozen quartets that I don't pick out. Church repairs? Why, the sky is my celling. No, the church finance idea doesn't enter into this field at all. In fact, I'd like to see anybody pass the bat at one of my services.

"Well, I must be on my way to see a lad down in one of the contagious wards at the hospital. They try to keep me from going in there, but I manage to go, just the same. Work? Yes, working all the time—as you boys out it a cherlein tell likerslit investice.

Yes, working all the time—as you boys put it, a chaplain is literally working out if, a chap o beat bell!

HOW YOU FEEL



When You Unsling Your Pack at the End Of A Twenty Mile Hike

BOMBS FAIL TO STOP SALES

6. M. Huts Close to Lines Keep Going in Spite of Boche

Sh-h-h-Boom! Sh-h-h-Boom! "Gimm

forts on personnel, on strength, and all the rest. About the only books he has time to read are his own prayer book or breviary, the Bible (in bits), and that interesting but puzzling little volume on 'Army Paper Work.'

Troubles With the Mali

"About the mail? Oh, yes; it's quite a job over here, when, say, the Blank Truck Company isn't anywhere near the Blank Regiment and the Blank Motor."

mob of women in a bargain counter rush. Two days later it was an old story.

"We were a little nervous at first," admitted one Y.M.C.A. worker, "but now we turn on the phonograph when they start shelling and forget it. But right here under the counter is my gas mask. And when they seem to be getting close in I grab my tin hat."

Keeping plenty of tobacco and chocolate in stock is one of the problems confronting the Y.M.C.A. men down in the zone of fire. It is next to impossible to bring up supplies in the day time. It is

STANDING IN LINE

We stand in line at reveille, We stand in line for mess; ust why we always stand in line don't know, I confess. We stand in line for clothing. We stand in line for church We stand—you bet!—in line for pay So's not to be in the lurch.

We stand in line at drill time, We stand in line for guard And, when the weather's nippy, It surely does go hard. We stand in line for muster, And also for reviews; We stand in line for everything From helmets down to shoes.

When we get back to Homeburg. It surely will seem queer.
The old commands, "Fall in! Right

And "Steady!" not to hear. But, though we grumble at 'em—
"A waste of time," we say—
You bet your pair of extra boots
We'll miss 'em—sure—some day:

CAMERAS BANNED FOR MOST OF A. E. F.

Orders Permit No One but Authorized Photographers to Take Pictures

So much doubt has existed in the minds of so many A.E.F. men as to whether or not they were to be allowed to take pictures to be sent home in letters that orders on the subject have been issued, definitely setting forth who may and may not take photographs. In general, the purport is that only those taking photographs for military purposes may be permitted to use cameras in the zone of the American armies. "Hereafter," says the order, "no photographs will be taken in the zone of the American armies except by the official photographers lof the Corps of Engineers, of the Air Service, and Signal Corps], by accredited or visiting correspondents, or members of photographic sections of Allied armies duly authorized by these headquarters."

A Picture Story of War

A Picture Story of War

The order charges the Corps of Enzineers with the duty of taking technical photographs connected with engineering construction, surveying and reproduction. The Air Service is charged with the photography perfaining to serial reconnaissance, and the Signal Corps with the general photography of military operations and the obtaining of the necessary photographs to "form a rictorial history of the present war."

It is further provided that all photographs taken by the Signal Corps photographes, accredited and visiting newspaper correspondents, and members of photographic sections of Allied aguiles will be sent to the Signal Corps photographic base laboratory for development and for censorship under the direction of the Press Officer, Intelligence Section, General Staff. In case the films are developed at a Signal Corps field laboratory, they will be sent to the hase laboratory, they will be sent to the base laboratory for censorship; and no photographs, negatives or prints, will be released unless so ordered by the censor.

All Prints Censored

less so ordered by the censor.

All Prints Censored

All prints released by the censor will hear his stamp, and released negatives will be accompanied by suitable stamped identification slips, and a record of all released photographs will be kept by the Signal Corps laboratory. Negatives made by the photographers of that corps will be deposited in the base laboratory during the prind of the war.

Prints that are suitable for reproduction, and duplicate negatives, when practicable and desirable, of all pictures taken by Signal Corps photographers will be forwarded to the Chief. Military Intelligence Section, War College, Washington, D. C. The Signal Corps laboratory will furnish, through the war offices of the Allies, such photographs for purposes of publicity as may be directed by the Press Officer.

Negatives developed for accredited and visiting newspaper correspondents and authorized Allied army photographers will, when released by the censor, be delivered to the owners thereof, but the United States reserves the right to make copies of all such negatives for official and historical purposes. All negatives and prints not released by the censor will become the property of the United States and will be disposed of as may be directed by the Commander-in-Chief.

HEARD AT THE CENSOR'S

"For the love o' Mike, Lieutenant!"
"Aw, Lieutenant, that's perfectly Larmless! Why, the President said that in Washington a month ago! Why can't I say it too?"
"Sure, Lieutenant, that's straight striff! Lot, it from a corporal whose

"Sure, Lieutenant, that's straight stuff! I got it from a corporal whose bunk mate knew a guy in the regiment that did it, and that guy told this corporal's bunk mate all about it! Of course it's official!"

"Why, Lieutenant, the Germans know that already. There's no use cutting

that out. They know that when I went through Belgium with 'em in 1914!"
"All right, Lieutenant, if you must. you must! But I will say you're slashing the daylights out of an imperish-

able story!"
"Aw—HELL!"
"Say, Lieutenant, where's that car I ordered to take me up from here to the front today? It was supposed to get around at 8 o'clock, and I haven't seen mae nor nair of it. Oh, it's just o'clock now, is it? I beg your pardon All right!"

All right!"

"Say. Jim. what dayou want to go on this trip at all for? You're reporting for the Christian Science Monitor, aren't you? Well, what good will it do you to write up a hospital when they won't let you say anything about pain!"

"Lieutenant, I just got a cable from my home office, asking why I wasn't sending any naws. Can't you get a general killed or something for me, so I can have something to send?"

"Lieutenant, I just want to be able to say in this story that—(business of whispering). Now, why can't I? That wouldn't do any harm, would it?"

"Well, Lieutenant, can't I put this come other way, so the Boche won't get wised up to it but so the people at home can get it? Remember, there's 90,000,000 readers with their tongues just a-hanging out of their mouths waiting to know that it was a red-headed guy that did it!"

"Aw, say, Lieutenant, that's one of "Say, Jim, what dayon want to go or

'Aw, say, Lieutenant, that's one o The way you cut it up, there isn't any verb to it, and a sentence without a verb is as bad as a man without e'othes."

-HELL!" "Aw—HELL!"
And so on, and so on, ad infinitum.

''AMERICAN TOMMY'' IS LONDON'S PET

Week-end House Parties Not Complete Without Yankee Guests

PALATIAL OFFICERS' CLUB

Run by Famous Pilgrims in Mag nificent Place Loaned by Lord Leconfield

By GEO. T. BYE

London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS
AND STRIPES LONDON, Feb. 14.—The entertainment of Americans in uniforms in London has reached such proportions that there is almost basis for complaint that A.E.F. men and officers are being overloaded with favors. When the American and British Governments joined together in compadely emplace a spen-

loaded with favors. When the American and British Governments joined to gether in comradely embrace, a spontaneous movement seemed to annimate the people of our "grandmotherland" in smiles and compliment sand dinner parties for everybody and anybody wearing the glorious double eagle. So that to-day there are grins that won't come off up and down Piccadilly and the Strand—thoroughfares that are most popular to our boys—American grins and English grins; and the old timer tourist from Boston in London holishes his eye-glasses to make certain that he is seeing right. For "boarding-house" sociability of the kind you get in daily life in Emporia, Kausas, or Chicago, or Fort Worth was not common in Britain in pre-war days. Now there are none of the polite barriers to chum miness that formerly kept international pais at arm's length until introductory tegotiations had been concluded.

"American Tommy"

"American Tommy"

"American Tommy"

It would never surprise me to eavesdrop on a London policeman and an American Tommy—as the bobby calls cur fellows; see the cop bang our fighter on the back and hear him say. "I say, old sox, how's every little thing?"

The bobby came to my mind for illustration because he was among the first to warm up to the A.E.F. I have seen them time and again chewing the rag on street corners with one of Columbia's grandsons, passing the time of day or, as is usual, exhibiting their truncheon or night stick, which is the only weapon they carry.

or night stick, which is the only weapon they carry.

Or you will hear the Yanks kidding a hobby when he has given them directions like "First turn to the right, then third turn to the left, then a sharp pull up." "Sing it again," say the Yanks, and the good-humored London policeman probably tells them to go hase themselves.

base themselves.

They are adopting our slang all in a bunch here. Also, practically every re view playing the English stage is satur ated with Americanisms and compli

ated with Americanisms and compliments for American vanerican vaudeville performers are in such great demand in Britain that they command higher salaries here than at home.

But getting back to impromptu and rganized hospitality, I know of many a case of English folk trying to get American soldiers in their homes to entertain them. I had a staff captain at my hotel as dinner guest a few days ago After dinner he was practically taken away from me by the English folk living at the hotel, and I am sure if he accepts all the invitations that were civen him, he will seriously disturb the food regulations of Lord Rhondda.

Betting for Yankes Guests

Begging for Yankee Guests

Begging for Yankee Guests

There is a society in London organized to make more apparent the kinship which binds the fellow-people of Britain, America, and Canada. It is called the Atlanti. Union, and was in existence long before the war. I was recently appealed to by the secretary to aid them in introducing American soldiers and saftors to their weekly parties. They get a great many Canadians in London on leave, but, as the Americans have been moving, they haven't been able to get them to attend regularly.

However, I was able to make the institution of the society known at a certain A.E.F. station, established somewhere in bonny Britain, and whenever the officers and men detailed there are in London, and the time is convenient, I am sure they will accept this hospitality.

At this station and eleawhere where

ality.
At this station and elsewhere where At this station and elsewhere where Americans congregate are notices posted on bulletin boards of the number of societies and clubs all over England which are anxious to entertain American officers and men. It is worth telling that the most exclusive of the clubs along Pail Mail and St. James's Street have upset all their historic rules and have opened their club houses to American officers to enjoy every right and privilege given to membership.

A Lord's Lordly Gift

I have been rattling this off backwards. I should have told first of all of the American Officers' Club. which is the home of many of the American officers stopping in London and the rendezous of every casual.

The American Officers' Club is in one f the most palatial residences in Lon-lon, in aristocratic Curzon Street, It the home of Lord Leconfield, but

is the home of Lord Leconfield, but he gave over the whole magnificent place, with furniture and works of art to do what he considered his part toward making U.S.A. officers comfortable while in the Brit'sh capital.

The club is maintained by the Pilgrims of London, a well-known English society, and the chairman of the Pilgrim's reception committee. Harry F. Brittain, spends most of his days and evenings with the American officers to make certain they shall want for nothing. Every Friday night there is a special dinner with talks by famous Englishmen and vandeville. American officers may take civilian guests to these happy parties. the gave over the whole magnificent place, with furniture and works of art. to do what he considered his part to ward making U.S.A. officers comfortable while in the Brit'sh capital.

The club is maintained by the Pligrims of London a well-known English society, and the chairman of the Plil grim's reception committee. Harry F. Brittain, spends most of his days and evenings with the American officers to make certain they shall want for nothing. Every Friday night there is a special dinner with talks by famous Englishmen and vaudeville. American officers may take civilian guests to these happy parties.

NAMES ARE STRICTLY TABOO

The major's wife back in Baltimore didn't get the cablegram.

Back in his civilian days the major figures he loses at least \$100 plus the price of the cablegram.

Back in his civilian days the major, a iamous surgeon, was a dog fancier. He specialized in Chow dogs—the black furry boys.

Among the aristocrats in his kennel are Wu Ting Fang, King Joy Lo and Chin. Chin.

When the dog show came along Mrs.

Mator was an axhibitor. Rv cable shae te side of the capital potential.

The first brigadier general to command an American brigade in action in the war on the Hun knows how to enforce discipline among his men and still mere and the war on the Hun knows how to enforce discipline among his men and still mere and the prince discipline among his men and still men the war of the Hun knows how to enforce discipline among his men and still mere was an axhibitor. Rv day had a long the britation the Mexican bender for the hillippines. and along the Mexican barder to the Philippines. and along the Mexican barder to all on the Hun knows how to the force discipline among his men and still mere vet their low and along the Mexican barder to the Philippines. and along the Mexican barder to get a long them? Two days after bis troops went into free to make taught he help hillippines. The brigade repressed to receive their low of the trenches. He encountered a swertly faced private. Veteran of surging and a

informed her husband of various offers for the dogs on exhibition.

He cabled her:—
"Sell Wu Ting Fang two fifty, King Joy Lo three hundred, but hang on to Chin Chin for higher offer."

The message got as far as Paris where there was a hurried meeting of all the available spy-boards and code experts. They concluded that the major was instructing his broker in a stock transaction.

So the message was returned with the

action.
So the message was returned with the note. "Code messages are forbidden."
There was no way in which he could get across the information without using the code words.

seeming code words.
So the ma**pos** wife didn't get the mes

sage.

And she didn't sell the dogs.

A fraternity man figured in another cable mix-up.

On the evening when his chapter was scheduled to initiate some new members be cabled the Grand Exalted Whoshoo:

"Make the neonbites hump it for Del." Make the neophites hump it for Del

The new brothers were members in good standing before the investigators would abandon their suspicions and let the fraternity man's message pass.

"WELL, I'LL BE-!"

THEN_AND NOW!

This is the way Private B. H. Umpty-mpth Umpties tells the story.

"Dee and I went to school together it Exover. He was graduated, and yent to Yeelvard, and I—well, I wasn't raduated and have been bumming round the world ever since. you'll say that's why I'm in the army now, eh? Well, go ahead and say it; I've been in lots worse places! "Well, one day not long ago I was waddling over one of these artists' clay

oads through the fog, going back to my station from a town where I had beer station from a town where I had been to see about the company's mail. I was plowing along with my head down, butting the fog, when—smack!—out of the fog looms up a lieutenant about six feet two in the air, just a foot away from me, coming in the opposite direction. "I snap up to salute of course, quick, but, just as I get my hand up—"Binks! bollers the Loot. 'How in the name of time did you get over here? I haven't seen you in an age! Shake!'

Shake!'

"'Dee!' I holler back—then, correcting myself—'I beg the lieutenant's

recting myself—'I beg the lieutenant's pardon'—
"Can it, Binks,' says he, laughing all over. 'What's your outfit?"
"I tel! bim. One thing leads to another. We got talking about Exover. Neither of us bad cared very much sbout reunions, and we hadn't seen each other since leaving there.
"The last time I saw you—the Lieutenant—Dee, I mean (oh, hell!) say I, 'you and I were sitting before a wood fire in Harmscroft Hall, up at Exover.

fire in Harmscroft Hall, up at Exover trying out our conversational German on a Boche exchange professor imported direct from Berlin

direct from Berlin!"
"That's right,' says he, 'stupid old beggar, wasn't he? If he's anywhere up front now, my battery has some guns that'll give him all the conversational United States he wants to hear. Drop around and look 'em over some one of these fine days, Binks. They're corkers!

these nne usys, plane. So long!
So long!
"I salute. He salutes. Off we go.
Funny. isn't it? Six years ago we were
learning German together. Now we're
out to get Germans together. It beats
the devil the way this war turns the

WAR DIDN'T CHANGE THIS

WAR DIDN'T CHANGE THIS

Jones, Smith and Brown were New
York clubmen before they enlisted, but
they're good scouts for all that. They
knew their Broadway as well as their
social register, and had many acquaintances among the famous characters of
that street of streets. One Saturday
afternoon their outiff, for a wonder,
didn't have a thing to do, so Jones,
Smith and Brown strolled over to a
neighboring city.

Being ex-New York clubmen, they
lounged into a little cafe and sat down
at a table. Up came the waiter, a young
French soldier on leave. Jones, in his
very best New Haven French, ordered
the drinks—three mild and very light
beers. (They don't grow Clover Clubs
and Manhattans in France, and eyen
if they did we couldn't get 'em.)

In course of time the flock of beers
blew in. "Not much like the beer we
cot at Busty's," said Smith, sipping his
casually.
"You know Bustee's?" piped no the

casually.

"You know Bustee's?" piped up the waiter. "Ah, moi! J'etais a New York avant la guerre! Eeen feckt, I York avant is guerre. Summar a waster at M'sieur Bustee's for three years!"
"That so?" chorused Jones and

"That so?" chorused Jones and Smith and Brown. "What's become of old Louis, who had the table over in the corner on the second floor? What's become of Henri—didn't he leave about the same time Louis dld? Funny we don't remember you-why, sure! Bon jour, Jacques! Well, well, well-!"

The end of it all was that Jacques despite much protest on his part, simply had to sit down and demolish a beer of his own with his former patrons, wouldn't let him go until he did, thus is the world made safer for cracy.

OLD-TIMERS IN CONFERENCE

The first brigadier general to com-

Chin Chin.

When the dog show came along Mrs.

Well, if old Bill Kelly does that, it must
Major was an exhibitor. By cable she be right, because he's been soldiering i. Gaos, impriserer-Gerset, 26, Rue da Seatier, Paris. Printing Office of the Continental "Dany Man," Lea

WOMEN-TWO VARIETIES

Pvt. Hager Seeks Another Sort Than Ministering Angels Private Hager of C Battery can un-derstand some women and some he can't

understand.

Take the little girl who waits on the canteen—American from the top of her golden head to the soles of her little hobnailed field boots. Husband an officer, no children, and wants to be doing something for the soldiers. So she came out to this little mud-wallow of a town to put in nine hours a day standing on slippery duck-boards behind the counter. "I can understand a gir! like her," said Private Hager. "Between us, this is the third time I've come up to the counter this evening. Last time I bought chewing-gum—me who's been in the field artillery seven years. Now I'm going to have a cup of chocolate if it chokes me.

me.
"It's so doggone fine to see her smile and hear her voice say 'Thank you'—as though I'd done something for her instead of she for me—that, I'll keep on remembering things I want to buy until the canteen closes.
"This isn't a stunt where she does two

hours work every third Wednesday just for the fun of it. She's on the job every day and she lives right here in this vil-lage. The Colonel and the Town Major went around to the mayor and him down for the best room in the bes house in town-but it isn't much of

Private Hager got a letter last night from the kind of a woman he can't understand.

It was postmarked "New York," and was addressed to "An Orphan Soldier.' Having had no parents for several years Private Hager ranked as senior

Private Hager ranked as senior orphan of his battalion and so drew the let.er.
"It's from a society girl," he said "She says: 'I'm going to take a Red Cross course and come over to France and nurse the soldiers on the battlefields." Who knows' she says 'but what maybe some day I shall bandage your head with the dead and dying screaming all around us and the shells crashing every-

around us and the shells crashing everywhere and maybe save your life? Who knows, dear lonely Orphan."

Hager said any girl having that conception of what war is like after three years of it must be lonely upstairs.

He wrote her a polite reply, the kind of girl he can't understand, saying: "Please don't trouble about that Red Cross course. In the first place I'd rather be tended by a man on the battlefield, if I get, wounded, which, in the second place I won't be. And in the third place I'd not rather ride with you on top of a Fifth Avenue bus and hold your hand than have you holding my head with the dead and dying screaming all around us."

THE FREE BALLADE OF THE NAKED KNEE

A Tribute to a Hardy Race Dedicated to Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig

I've marvelled oft at airmen's feats,
I've wondered at the engineers,
I've seen men thrive on measily eats,
I've seen men conquer all their fears;
But, when the pibroch sounds sae shrill
And Highland plaidles sweep the

breeze, get the highest sense of thrill At seeing Scots with naked knees

How do they stand it, rain or shine How do they stand it, rain or shine, Winter or summer? I don't know; With army trou my limbs I line Whene'er its thirty-two below. But they? Along their column sweeps, With never a rheumatic wheeze—It fairly gives a Yank the creeps

To see those Scots with naked knees!

Have they in Scotia no Red Cross To furnish them with kneelets knit? Or have they orders from their Boss To bare themselves, and thus get fit? 'm fairly hardy, but I vow

That I in such a garb would freeze;
It makes me shiver, even now,
To see those Scots with naked knees! L'Epvoi.

Sir Douglas Haig, this song to you

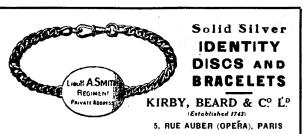
I dedicate—accept it please; know how Britain "sees it through" When I view Scots with naked knees!

MEURICE HOTEL and RESTAURANT

228 Rue de Rivoli (Opposite Tuileries Gardens)

Residurant Open to Non-Residents





THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK

PARIS OFFICE: 23, RUE DE LA PAIX (Place de l'Opin)

Member of the Federal Reserve System United States Depositary of Public Moneys Agents for Paymasters and other Disbursing Officers

Offers its Banking Facilities to the Officers and Men of the AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY

SERVING IN FRANCE LONDON, 95, Gresham Street, E.C.

BELLE JARDINIÈRE 2. Rue du Pont-Neul, PARIS
THE LARGEST OUTFITTERS in THE WORLD nd Allied Military Uniform **EVERY ARTICLE** for Officers and Mens' outfits and Equipments Agents for BURBERRYS Sole Branches: PARIS, 1, Piace de Clichy, LYON, MARSEILLE BORDEAUX, MANTES, MANCY, ANGERS Scif-measurement Cards, Calalogues and Patterns. Post Free on application. Post Pres on application.

The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company

PARIS

Specially designated

United States Depositary of Public Moneys. LONDON: 26, Old Broad Street, E.C.2 and 16, Pall Mall East, S.W.I.

The Société Générale nour favoriser etc., & its Branches throughout France will ct as our correspondents for the cashing of Officers' cheques & transfer of funds I MEMBERS of the AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

NEW YORK BORDEAUX TWO ARMY ZONE OFFICES